



THE



LEISURE HOUR

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

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ALMANACK FOR SEPTEMBER, 1882.

1 F	☉ rises 5.13 A.M.	9 S	☉ rises 5.26 A.M.	17 S	15 SUN. APT. TRIN.	25 M	☉ rises 5.52 A.M.
2 S	Jupiter a morn. star	10 S	14 SUN. APT. TRIN.	18 M	☉ rises 5.47 A.M.	26 T	☉ least dis. from ☉
3 S	13 SUN. APT. TRIN.	11 M	Pegasus S. 11 P.M.	19 T	Altair S. 7.51 P.M.	27 W	Full ☉ 5.10 A.M.
4 M	☉ 3 Qr. 1.26 P.M.	12 T	New ☉ 0.59 P.M.	20 W	☉ 2 Quar. 1.28 P.M.	28 T	Clock af. ☉ 9m. 22s.
5 T	Clock af. ☉ 1m. 26s.	13 W	Daybreak 3.34 A.M.	21 T	Saturn ris. 8.3 P.M.	29 F	Michaelmas Day
6 W	Saturn a morn. star	14 T	Jewish V. 5.43 beg.	22 F	Autumn Quar. beg.	30 S	Pisces S. midnight
7 T	Twil. ends 8.35 P.M.	15 F	Jupiter ris. 10.5 P.M.	23 S	☉ sets 5.55 P.M.		☉ sets 5.39 P.M.
8 F	☉ sets 6.30 P.M.	16 S	☉ sets 6.11 P.M.	24 S	16 SUN. APT. TRIN.		

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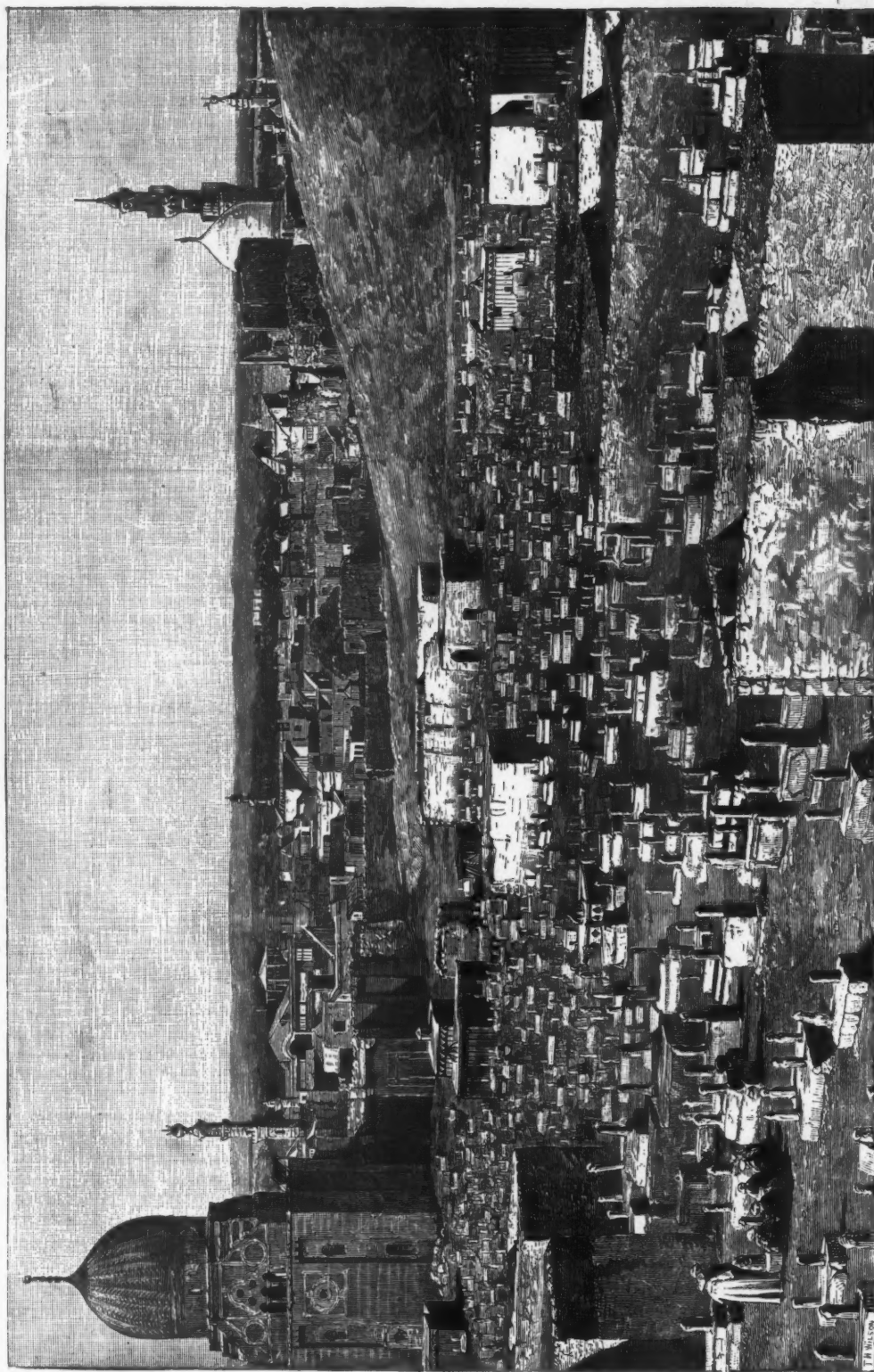
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[From a Photograph.]

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SQUIRE LISLE'S BEQUEST.

BY ANNE BEALE.



AVELINE LAID THE TEA.

CHAPTER XV.—QUIZ.

LEONARD had been two or three days in the country. He had been warmly welcomed at Lisle, even his aunt seeming glad to see him after his long absence, and his uncle receiving him with real affection. He had not yet paid the Dallimores a visit, and his going thither from Fontainebleau Cottage was overruled by the information that the young people were expected there to five o'clock tea. Consequently, M. d'Angère and he went for a walk, while madame took her siesta and Aveline laid the tea. Monsieur wished Leonard to revisit the Plaisance, and in so doing they passed the room in which Aveline was busy.

"Is she not a little angel?" whispered M. d'Angère, as they stood for a moment watching her movements through the bow window.

"Without wings," laughed Leonard, as he remarked how intent she was on her work.

The storeroom and china-closet were in the passage outside the dining-room, and she flitted from one to the other, now bearing cups and saucers, anon preserves, cakes, fruit, all the delicacies that Aunt Amicia was in the habit of preparing for her nieces and other friends, the disposition of which now devolved on Aveline. It was evidently no easy task, for her brow sometimes knitted over it, as she stood to contemplate her work.

"When are you going to shut that door, Aveline? The draught's enough to perish one. You've been long enough to lay a dozen teas," sounded from the kitchen in a snappish voice.

"Dat is Lilyvite. She likes not the child," whispered monsieur, as Aveline cautiously closed the dining-room door, and began to arrange some flowers. "Listen! Dat is a song I taught her *La Fleur, La Fleur*," he added, as a low, almost tremulous, but sweet voice, hummed an air. "She always sings when she is troubled. *Ma petite!*"

At this call Aveline turned, and came to the window. Her face was radiant as she glanced from one to the other of her friends, and asked if they thought the table well arranged. They could only applaud, and Lilywhite's speech was forgotten.

When they returned from their walk they found Mrs. Dallimore, her daughters, and the youthful heir. Their greetings were overpowered by the shrill voice of Master Lisle, shouting, "*Aveline! Ma petite!*" loudly, in the hall.

"Lisle, darling, come and be introduced to Leo-

nard Leigh," said Mrs. Dallimore, peering through her spectacles into the hall; but Lisle was off in search of Aveline.

Meanwhile, Leonard and his quondam friends and playfellows shook hands and looked at one another. They could scarcely believe their eyes. If Leonard was a fine young man, of a presence sure to find favour with women, what of the Miss Dallimores? Isabella was still *De Fortibus*. A tall, large, beetle-browed, commanding young woman, fit only, her father assured her, to head a regiment. Helen had a sentimental air, which seemed to imply that her beauties were of the soul; while Quiz! ah, Quiz! she was truly the belle, not only of the Dallimore family, but of the town and neighbourhood. As she and Leonard met and gazed at one another with surprise, and maybe mutual admiration, he thought he had never seen a handsomer girl. Was she a blonde or a brunette? None could tell, for she had a profusion of auburn hair, beneath which rose pencilled eyebrows, almost black; dark eyes, that some called hazel, some violet, a pale brown complexion, and slightly aquiline features. She was tall and slight, and as she and Leonard stood a few moments hand in hand, facing one another, it was no wonder that M. d'Angère whispered confidentially to Mrs. Dallimore, "What a handsome couple!" But Mrs. Dallimore bustled off in search of Lisle. All her maternal pride was centred in him. She found him in the dining-room with Aveline, helping to put the finishing touches to the tea-table, and was greeted by the words,

"Now, Lisle, you must not put your fingers into the jam."

"Indeed I will if I like," was the reply.

"Then I shall leave you, for I will not be answerable for the tea-table."

"Why are you always cross with Lisle, Aveline?" broke in Mrs. Dallimore.

"Aveline is never cross, mamma," said Lisle, stoutly; "I love her better than any one else, and am going to marry her. She has promised to wait."

"Indeed I have not, Mrs. Dallimore," laughed Aveline conscious that the idea would displease the mother.

The host and hostess entered, arm-in-arm, followed by the others. Madame d'Angère seated herself before the tea-service, monsieur at her side.

"I shall sit by you, *ma petite*," shouted Lisle, and Leonard soon discovered that this boy, whom he had left a baby, still ruled his little world.

Everything he said was oracular; everything he asked for was given to him. He devoured enough to make a giant ill, and occupied Aveline's whole time. He was not a healthy-looking boy, and no wonder, for he was over-fed and over-indulged. Leonard, who sat between Isabella and Quiz, opposite him, was amused by his devotion to Aveline, and thought he showed very good taste.

"You succeeded in getting to Girton, after all, Isabella," he said, in an interval of repose.

"I did; I have now something worth living for," replied Isabella, who, during Leonard's absence, had been several terms at Girton College.

"She has a science at the end of every finger,"

put in Quiz. "You must be very clever if you can compete with her; none of the men in these parts can. Captain Moore declares she knows more of military tactics than he does."

"Captain Moore's a muff!" screamed young Hopeful, "isn't he, Aveline? Ah, I know! I saw you together yesterday. I'll shoot him."

All eyes were turned on Aveline, and she coloured, but was not abashed.

"Where could you have been, Lisle?" she said. "I saw Captain Moore on the Mall only a few minutes in passing."

"Did he say anything about the lawn-tennis party, Aveline?" asked Quiz.

"He said he hoped it would be fine."

Captain Moore was the eldest son of Mr. Moore who was the tenant of the manor, and brother of Leonard's acquaintance of the Temple. His regiment was quartered at Parkhurst, and he and his brother officers certainly "made sunshine in a shady place" for the young ladies. His advent had, besides, roused his invalid mother into party-giving, and the manor was, just then, the scene of much unaccustomed gaiety.

"I hate tennis!" said Isabella, decidedly. "I cannot imagine people with souls flying about with those implements in their hands."

"I thought it was the right thing for souls to fly," said Quiz. "I hope you haven't forgotten your games, Leonard."

"I hope not, for I am going in for everything at once, like the bank-holiday makers. Do you play, Aveline?" replied Leonard.

"I should think she did!" exclaimed Lisle. "She is awfully clever at everything; she beats Quiz hollow. Now you know she does, Quiz!"

"I know nothing of the kind, sir," interposed Quiz, drawing herself up.

"I can scarcely play at all," said Aveline, quietly, as if in reply to Leonard's question.

"And yet the captain came express to say his mother particularly requested the pleasure of Aveline's company," put in M. d'Angère. "She took quite a fancy to her when she called here the other day. It was because *la petite* knew to arrange her cushions and footstool."

"Ha, ha, ha! Kiss, kiss, kiss! Aveline, *ma petite*!" chuckled Polly, who had been listening all this time with her head on one side.

"I suppose you won't take her, Amicia?" whispered Mrs. Dallimore.

"Oh yes, it is arranged," replied Madame d'Angère, nonchalantly pouring out a cup of tea.

"A family arrangement in autumnal hues," said Quiz, sarcastically. "Dull enough! Mrs. Moore has organised a gathering of the clan of Lisle. She thinks it would be so nice for all the aunts and cousins to meet in the old place. She is an American, and likes everything ancient."

"She is in her right place then," laughed Leonard. "There is antiquity enough, dead and alive, at Lisle. Old Biles must be a hundred, and the church is of time uncertain."

"I'll turn it all inside out when I'm of age," cried Lisle, swelling himself out.

Leonard listened and wondered. He had almost forgotten what was the staple gossip, and

as by degrees all the news of the day was discussed, he realised the difference between town and country life. The recollection of his chamber in the Temple was not unpleasant to him, though he fully enjoyed his surroundings.

Almost before tea was over Lisle insisted on carrying off Aveline, when a free discussion ensued concerning her visit to the manor. The Dallimore ladies considered it a very doubtful proceeding, and Quiz especially waxed warm on the subject.

"Perhaps Mrs. Moore does not know that she was actually in the Union and the Blue School, and that you took her first as a little servant, Aunt Amicia. Her getting familiar with us by degrees is quite different from her being introduced into society. Don't you think so, Leonard?"

"I—I am not a competent judge," stammered Leonard at this unexpected appeal. "Besides, I am only on the outskirts of society myself. I suppose I, as a lawyer's clerk, can only enter the sacred arena under cover of my uncle, the vicar."

"How absurd you are. I forgot that Aveline was your protégée."

"Just so, Quiz. Do they still call you by that appropriate name? Yes—well, then, my protégée and I, being both paupers, must do as our superiors bid us. Do you remember your old game, 'Ladies before to go to the ball; servants behind to wait in the hall'?"

"Ha, ha! mon ami Léonard. I have watched her play it with la petite, who always placed herself obediently behind."

"Of course she did. People should maintain their proper position. Aveline would make a good pupil teacher if her head would stand the examination," said oracular Isabella.

"There's the rub," said Leonard. "We men have the small advantage of physical strength over you ladies."

"Brute force!" supplied Isabella. "I should have thought that you would have been more enlightened, Leonard."

"We are come to a pass!" ejaculated M. d'Angère; "I expect to see Isabella in a wig and gown, she has a taste for the law."

"Apropos of gowns," said Madame d'Angère, with a yawn, "I am thinking of giving Aveline my green silk for the party at the manor."

"It is so beautifully trimmed, aunt, and has such a train!" interrupted Quiz, alive to anything that might make Aveline ridiculous.

"I hope you will not repent making so much of that girl, sister; I wonder where she and Lisle are, it is time to go," said Mrs. Dallimore.

Leonard volunteered to go in search of the truant, and found them seated under a tree in the garden. Aveline was telling Lisle a fairy tale, and Leonard was struck with the intent faces of reciter and listener. He wrote them on his mind, as he often did scenes that impressed him, with a view to future pen-and-ink sketches. He delivered his message, and the trio returned to the house.

"Is not Lisle a troublesome friend?" he asked, when the boy strayed for a moment.

"No, I am fond of him. And monsieur and madame are relieved when he is with me," replied Aveline.

"You will go to this party at the manor?"

"I thought I would rather not till you came. Now I shall like it." The candid light of truth shot through the eyes that were uplifted to Leonard's, and a childlike trustfulness spoke in the voice and words.

During his absence many had been the comments made on him, but all were in his favour. The ladies united in declaring him to be "a perfect gentleman—exceedingly handsome;" and his poverty was forgotten in his appearance and manners.

He was a shrewd observer, and watching the leave-takings that succeeded, he drew his own conclusions as to Aveline's recognised status. He knew the Dallimores were good sort of people enough, but not above the petty jealousies of a circumscribed existence, and they did not approve of this quasi-adoption of a stranger, where heretofore their own family had been paramount. Aveline stood at the gate with her protectors to see off their guests, and seemed to receive their varied adieux as matters of course.

"Mind you study that book on competitive exams.," said Isabella, as she shook hands.

"Better think of the arrangement of the green dress," said Quiz, sweeping past with a pat on her shoulder.

"I will tell you more about that another time," whispered Helen, confidentially, kissing her.

"I shall have the last kiss. What right have you to kiss her, you nasty Helen," cried Lisle, springing up to Aveline's neck.

"Lisle, darling, where are you?" said Mrs. Dallimore, who had forgotten her altogether until she saw her thus embraced. "Aveline, you should not let Lisle be so brusque."

"She can't help it," shouted the heir.

Leonard waited to shake hands last, and as he did so, she said ingenuously,

"Do you remember when we parted here last? I was then a little Blue School girl, and now"—she glanced at M. and Madame d'Angère—

"She is our adopted child," supplied monsieur.

Leonard hurried down the hill after the Dallimores, and the little party of the cottage stood to watch them.

"I always said Léonard would be a grand man some day!" ejaculated monsieur, ecstatically.

"He is very elegant, and his manners quite refined," rejoined madame, one hand above her brow, the other holding her eyeglass.

"He is the same, and yet different," sighed Aveline.

"Now we will settle about the dress; we must have your opinion, mon Alphonse."

The trio adjourned to madame's boudoir. As she affected everything French, she so called her sleeping apartment.

"Thou hast thy plaisance, I my boudoir" she said to her Alphonse. The green silk was produced. It was much beflounced and trimmed with lace and ribbons, and Aveline shuddered.

"Leave us, mon Alphonse, for five minutes," ordered madame. Unfortunately or fortunately according to circumstances, madame's dresses fitted Aveline with slight alteration, and here was one ready to hand. It was tried on at once, and

she stood before a muslin-dressed cheval-glass, a much adorned doll.

"Ha, ha! She look like a rose in a laurel bush," laughed monsieur, when recalled.

His wife was offended, and he qualified his opinion.

"I mean, ma mie, that she look not so well as you in that robe."

"Ah, no, dear madame," pleaded the oppressed Aveline. "May I wear the pretty white alpacca instead? I feel!—I feel!—too grand in this."

"That is just what I desire," said madame. "We must make the alterations at once."

"I am afraid there will not be time, dear madame. You will take Douxdoux and Frou Frou?"

"Of course I shall."

"I must wash them at once. Then there is your own dress and monsieur's hair."

"I think we may accomplish it, ma petite."

Here the reader must be let into a secret, gradually divulged to Aveline. Madame d'Angère insisted on curling the hair of her devoted Alphonse before all state occasions; a process to which he submitted with French politeness, not, perhaps, unflavoured by vanity; for he had been always noticeable for his luxuriant curls, and it is hard to lose, as we decline in life, the graces that distinguished our ascent. The office of friseuse was sometimes delegated to Aveline; hence her allusion to it.

"If it were not for Mr. Leonard, I should wish to stay at home," she thought, as, obedient to the orders of her benefactress, she prepared to make the necessary alterations in the green silk.

CHAPTER XVI.

"A man's a man for a' that."—Burns.

"I WANT to know exactly how you have managed to live, Leonard," said Mr. Churchhouse the following morning.

"Man wants but little here below," uncle, was the dubious reply.

"Yes; but you have so positively declined my aid of late, that you must have discovered a mine."

"The despised muses have helped me a little; and since Mr. Charles Conquest discovered that I had no money, he has given me a small salary as clerk. He is an absent man, and looking on me as article, which I can scarcely call myself, he thought no more about me for some time."

"But how are we to make a lawyer of you? You cannot grub on for ever as clerk."

"I do very well as I am, uncle, for the present. The future is in God's hands."

"When the girls are married I shall be able to do more for you, Leonard. Conquest was right when he told them he had brought them a lover apiece and one over, for I believe the two youngest sons have taken a fancy to Lucy and Sophia. They are worthy lads and likely to get on, so they shall have my consent, though I fancy their mother aspires to the captain, who, after the fashion of his brethren, is likely to 'love and ride away.'"

Hereupon Leonard and his uncle discussed the Moores.

"Mr. Moore has some unaccountable interest in Miss Cunninghame," said Mr. Churchhouse. "We are never half an hour alone together without his asking some question concerning her. And I understand that he fees Ratigan, and Biles, and every old person in the parish who can give him any information about her."

"I also wish I knew her history," returned Leonard.

"Papa! Leonard! We are all waiting," here broke in Lucy, opening the library door.

They followed her into the hall, where Mrs. Churchhouse and Sophia were drawing on their gloves, preparatory to an adjournment to the manor.

They all looked very bright in their summer costumes, and the two girls had a happy expectancy written on their faces.

"Now, Leonard, you will see us cousins together, and you will be able to say which you think the best-looking," said Lucy.

"At any rate we know which is the most successful," whispered Leonard, and Lucy blushed.

"Of course Quiz is the handsomest," said Mrs. Churchhouse, with slight irony, as the party left the vicarage and walked to the manor.

They were the first arrivals, and were warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Moore and their two youngest sons; the eldest was expected with some of his brother officers. Mr. Moore was a tall, bronzed, grey-bearded man, who had been a successful colonist. He was a great talker, and there was nothing he liked better than to secure a good listener. His wife was a bright little lady, though an invalid, whom he had picked up in America, and the two sons, then present, were ordinary young men, who had preferred returning to England and studying, the one for the bar, the other for the church, to remaining in the colonies.

"I have heard so much of you from my son Stephen, that I have been quite anxious to make your acquaintance," began Mr. Moore to Leonard. "I hear you know the history of the manor, and indeed, the whole island, and I want to ask you a hundred questions. I have been all over the world, and can take you from one quarter of the globe to another; but I know much more of New Zealand than the Isle of Wight, and am better acquainted with the aborigines of Australasia than of my own country. Let me show you how I have been improving the manor for the young heir."

Leonard resigned himself, philosophically, to a *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Moore. As his great object was to understand men and manners, he was glad to make the acquaintance of a genuine settler, and even bethought himself that it might lead to his own emigration. He, therefore, accompanied Mr. Moore on what that gentleman called, "A walk round his dish." He found that he had little to do but listen, and throw in a word now and again, when his companion pointed out his so-called "improvements." Doubtless Mr. Moore was enriching the land, but Leonard feared he might, here and there, be destroying its picturesque. However, they wandered through undulating pasturage and leafy glades, every inch

of which Leonard knew, while Mr. Moore took him in spirit all over the world.

"We have been nearly round our dish," said that gentleman, when, having walked an hour or more, they found themselves on a slight eminence overlooking the manor. "It would have taken me more hours than we have been minutes to ride over my land in Australia."

"But you like the island?" asked Leonard.

"Sit down, and I will tell you."

They sat down beneath a group of Scotch firs that crowned the little hill, and Leonard felt rather impatient when he perceived many moving specks of bright colour in the grounds around the manor.

"They are hard at work," he said, pointing to the stately gabled house, with its environment of trees, shrubberies, and lawns.

"We will join them as soon as I have answered your question. Everything here is too small for my taste. There is scarcely space to breathe. I feel as if I was shut in and couldn't get out. But the air has done my wife good, and the boys are likely to find capital partners; so we haven't come down here for nothing. You knew the old squire better than most people, I hear. Did he ever say anything to you about a Miss Cunninghame who lived with him? I once knew something of her."

"No, but she has always interested me: the strangeness of her life and death, I mean," said Leonard, forgetting the specks of colour below in a new interest.

"I would give the half of my fortune to find out what happened to her after she left the manor," exclaimed Mr. Moore, excitedly.

"Ah! that would be the missing link," responded Leonard; "I don't mean Darwin's," he added, with a laugh.

"What missing link, then?" asked Mr. Moore.

"That between her departure and death," replied Leonard, with some hesitation. "I have certainly heard somehow that when she left the manor she resided either at Bath or Bristol."

"Ha! that is something to work upon. Between you and me, she brought me to Lisle. I should never have come to the manor had she not lived here. You will not mention this. I feel instinctively that you are a young fellow to be trusted, and as you are interested in the story I don't mind telling you my secret. I may depend upon you?"

"As upon yourself. I will name the subject to no one without your permission."

"Well, then, Miss Cunninghame was my half-sister; we had two fathers, but the same mother. She was a few years my senior, and when our mother married my father, he adopted her as his own daughter and treated her as such. I, too, loved her dearly. She was very handsome, but, I think, wilful and spoilt. My father, who was a medical man, died when I was about fifteen, leaving us very badly off. She resolved to take the first situation that offered, and, much against our mother's will, went as maid to Mrs. Lisle. Shortly after this our mother died also, and I went into the merchant service; this took me to Australia. At first my sister and I corresponded regularly, but by degrees she ceased to write altogether: and when, at last, I wrote to Mr. Lisle, to inquire

about her, I received an ungracious reply, informing me that she had left the manor. Since my return I have understood that she came back here to die."

Mr. Moore paused and looked at Leonard, who was listening attentively.

"I think you know more of this than you allow," he continued; "I repeat that I would give half my fortune to clear up the mystery of my sister's life and death."

"I have in my possession some old letters which I believe relate to her," returned Leonard, with a touch of the astute and evasive lawyer. "When I return to town I will look into them, and if you will call on me at my, or rather, at Mr. Conquest's chambers, I will tell you about them. Perhaps you may help me to make wrong right."

"Thank you. I know not why I confided in you. It must have been instinct," said Mr. Moore.

"Or the instinctive guiding of an Unseen Hand," returned Leonard, rising. "Perhaps we had better join the party, as it is getting quite late."

They hurried down the slope, across a velvety meadow, full of cows, through a long shrubbery, and finally to a tennis-court, new to Leonard.

"My sons made this for the young ladies," laughed Mr. Moore. "It has been really a 'court' for them all."

He went to greet his guests, while Leonard stood a moment to contemplate the scene. The game itself, the picturesque costumes, the embroidered aprons, the old manor-house, the surrounding downs, pleased his fancy, and he at once distinguished Quiz as the most elegant figure of the Watteau-like picture. She was playing, but perceiving him, came towards him.

"I have been looking for you all the afternoon. Why did you let that old Moore carry you off? I see he has already talked you to death," she said, her right-hand in Leonard's, her left holding the extended bat.

"I have strength left for half a dozen games," he replied, as she hurried away.

He sauntered in and out amongst his old friends. Major Dallimore and M. d'Angère held him long in discourse, so that he was some time before he could reach a knot of young people who were alternately watching the game and joining in it. Amongst them Isabella and Helen were conspicuous; and all were talking and flirting with "the officers" from Parkhurst, but Captain Moore was not there, neither did he see Aveline.

"Where is Madame d'Angère?" he asked carelessly of Isabella.

"Sitting with Mrs. Moore under the trees; covered with insects by this time, I should think. I hate earwigs almost as much as lawn-tennis and other inane games. One was sent into the world for something better than to amuse oneself."

"To learn scepticism at college?" suggested Leonard, who had fallen in with a clever student who professed to believe in nothing.

"The usual masculine prejudice, I see!" said Isabella, as Leonard wandered off in the direction of Mrs. Moore. She was surrounded by friends, seated, for the most part, on garden chairs, and



LEONARD IN SEARCH OF LISLE.

all laughing at some joke of M. d'Angère's. Leonard looked in vain for Aveline. He thought he should certainly see a green silk, but he was disappointed. He felt that it would not be wise to inquire for her, so he shook hands with his friends, and leaning against a tree, watched the game and joined in their conversation.

It was perhaps strange that Leonard Leigh, having neither position nor fortune, should yet, without any effort on his part, be treated with a certain consideration that was as unaccountable to himself as to every one else. The fact was, that he was handsome, had good manners, was talented, and knew how to hold his own without assumption. Every one said he had the very cut of a barrister, whatever that may be; and if they chanced to make further inquiries, and to learn that he was only a clerk in the office of Mr. Conquest, they merely took it for granted that he chose to walk, step by step, through all the gradations of law. His motto was Burns's, "A man's a man for a' that;" and so, clerk or no clerk, he took his place among men.

"Leonard, would you mind just going down to the pond and bringing back Lisle?" whispered Mrs. Dallimore, rising suddenly.

"I will try, but he probably will not come," he replied, and threaded two or three well-known paths to a thicket, in the centre of which lay a sheet of water. As he approached it he heard Master Lisle shouting lustily, and when he reached the tree-guarded bank at one end of the pond, he perceived that he made one of a trio who were paddling about in a boat at the other. His companions were a gentleman in a grey suit, and a young lady in white, who wore a broad hat with a wreath round it. Leonard watched them skirt the pond until an island in its centre hid them from view, then waited until they should draw near him. He loved the place well, and used to know where the wild ducks nested, and a stray heron occasionally laid an egg. He knew, also, the song and cry of every bird that swelled the choruses in the surrounding trees, and the names and nature of many an insect that buzzed and flitted over the water. A superb dragon-fly outspread its transparent blue

wings before him, and recalled the days when he laid up a store of nature's honey in the cells of his mind, from which he had already drawn sweets for his literary labours. The sedges, water-lilies, forget-me-nots, the leaping trout, the casual sunbeam, the blue gloom of the far end—all reminded him of his boyhood; and he found himself wondering what the riotous child in the boat would do with the ancient manor, the lawny downs, the silent pool. His wonderings were interrupted by the words, in a severe, manly voice, "If you don't sit down, sir, you'll upset the boat!"

"I want to," was Master Lisle's reply.

The next moment the boat was paddled up to a small landing-stage. Leonard saw the boy stand on its edge and take a leap for the bank. In doing so he nearly fell into the water. Leonard ran towards him and caught him just in time.

"Serve him right," ejaculated the oarsman, who was Captain Moore, and was giving his hand to the lady.

"I don't care; I'm not hurt," cried the heir, half terrified, half boastful.

"You deserved a ducking, sir," said Captain Moore, who was much put out.

"I say you shan't have Aveline," shouted Lisle; and Leonard perceived that she was the lady in white, with the wreath of wild roses round her hat.

"I have been looking for a green silk with many flounces," he said, as he advanced to greet her, feeling at the same time displeased that his protégée should be rowing about with an officer.

"It could not be finished in time, so I asked to be allowed to wear this one instead," she replied, with a flush of pleasure.

Leonard did not venture to say how much more becoming he considered the simpler dress, but said, instead, that he had come in search of Lisle, and the little party returned together to the scene of the festivities.

CHAPTER XVII.—LAWN-TENNIS.

VARIOUS were the remarks passed on Aveline and her cavaliers when they appeared. The young ladies spoke slightly, and the old ones shook their heads; the young men strove for an introduction to the heroine of the moment, the old ones said she was a very rosebud of a girl. But Madame d'Angère took her aside, and asked, irritably, why she had absented herself with two young men, saying that such manners were not the fashion when she was young, and she could not allow them.

"Lisle dragged me down to the water, dear madame," explained Aveline, "and while we were looking at the lilies, Captain Moore came. Lisle jumped into the boat, and declared he would not get out unless we got in also. We were obliged to obey, and I am thankful we were not all upset. Mr. Leonard came in search of Lisle, and that was why I actually had three gentlemen."

Leonard overheard this little conversation, but did not know that Lisle had declared his intention of upsetting the boat in order to drown Captain Moore, because he wanted Aveline.

"Leonard, you must have a game with me, for auld lang syne."

"Miss Roone, you have not played yet. You must positively be my partner," sounded simultaneously from Quiz and Captain Moore.

So Leonard and Quiz played against the captain and Aveline, and the two former won.

"I am so sorry you had such a bad partner, Captain Moore," said Aveline. "I have so little practice that I ought not to play at all."

"I desire no other partner. We will go in for the best two out of three," said the captain; and they began again.

"Take off your hat, Aveline," shouted Lisle; and suiting the action to the word, he unceremoniously removed the broad-brimmed obstruction.

She had no time for remonstrance, and she and the captain won the next game. But their adversaries gained the third, and Quiz said to Leonard that she thought, with a little practice together, he and she might challenge all England.

"Aunt and monsieur spoil Aveline," she remarked, as M. d'Angère seized upon Lisle and rescued the hat. "She certainly has the beauty of a doll, but that is no excuse for introducing her."

"Animate a beautiful doll, Quiz, and you may be right; or take the soul out of Aveline, and you would not be wrong," returned Leonard.

"I forgot she was your protégée," said Quiz. "But were I she, I would not enter society under false colours."

At this juncture the party adjourned to the house for refreshments. All that wealth and hospitality could devise was spread in the large and ancient dining-room, and when Leonard and Quiz reached it with the others, they could but remark on the new régime as compared with the old.

He found her a place at the long oaken table, drawn out to its full dimensions, and while fetching her tea perceived that he was instantly replaced by others anxious to serve the belle of the country. He made himself useful to less fortunate ladies, and finally anchored behind Helen.

"I really think Captain Moore is in love with Aveline," she said, sentimentally. "How nice it would be if she were to marry."

"Why, she is only a child, Helen."

"She will be seventeen her next birthday—and Quiz eighteen—and I twenty—and—"

"Stop there, if you please!" cried Isabella, who was seated near. "If I have a weakness, it is my age, and, perhaps, a table groaning with good things, like this."

Leonard thought it must be pleasant to "use hospitality without grudging" both to rich and poor, and glanced with satisfaction unmingled with envy at the feast. Of one thing he was convinced. If his cousins, Sophia and Lucy, had been hitherto in doubt concerning their future, they were so no longer; for it was impossible to misunderstand the engrossing nature of their intercourse with the younger Moores. The captain had transferred his attentions to Quiz, and Aveline had more than she could do to keep Lisle in order, and respond to the jokes of M. d'Angère, seated next to her. So Leonard devoted himself to the elder ladies, and Mrs. Moore was heard to say, "He was the nicest young man she had seen since she left America."

When the ladies had eaten and drunken as much or more than was good for them, and the gentlemen had humbly partaken of what they left, there was an adjournment to the tennis-court for one more game. Leonard saw Aveline standing alone in the hall, and went to her.

"Have you seen the carving?" he asked. "No? then come with me."

He took her first back to the dining-room to show her the carved panels of the wainscot, the antique chairs and fine old mantel-piece; then to the drawing-room where was a chimney-piece carved by Grinling Gibbons. Indeed Lisle Manor was celebrated for its valuable oak carving; and crests, monograms, Scriptural pieces of great antiquity, birds and flowers, were scattered profusely on wall, ceiling, and staircase.

"I love antiquities," said Aveline, enthusiastically. "My own name is one. I wonder why I was called Aveline? I was reading in an old history of the island, that the Lady of the Wight, Isabella de Fortibus, had two daughters named Avice and Aveline, and that Aveline survived her brothers and sister, and was heiress of the island, and married Edmund, son of Henry the Third."

"You know we used to call Isabella Dallimore De Fortibus," laughed Leonard, "so she is your historical mother."

The word "mother," as connected with herself, quenched Aveline's momentary enthusiasm, and her expressive eyes grew sad.

"I wish I could see the old church again, where I came with my dear mamma when I first met you," she said, with a sort of eager impulse.

"That is easily accomplished," he replied; "I will take you there."

"Perhaps madame would be displeased," she said, timidly.

"I think not; they look on me as a sort of brother, or protector of yours, and if we go down the drive we shall be unperceived by the—Tennisonians, I was going to say."

Aveline shuddered as they hurried down the avenue, where she had met the squire's funeral. She thought of her poor mother, and of how she had followed the mournful procession to the church. All the little incidents of that day came back to her, and when they reached the sacred edifice her eyes were full of tears, and Leonard reproached himself for bringing her; but she preceded him into the church, hurrying down the aisle towards the scene of what she called her "fatal sleep." It was, however, changed, thanks to the exertions of Mr. Church-house, liberally seconded by Mr. Moore and others: for the church had been re-seated, and presented a very different aspect from that which Aveline so vividly recalled. The worm-eaten panels and faded curtains of the squire's pew had disappeared, and the cushions on which she had slumbered with Toby were nowhere to be seen. She stood bewildered, glancing first round the neat and seemingly interior, then at Leonard.

"Pious zeal and money combined accomplish much," he said. "The old times were good, but the modern ones are better, though Biles doesn't think so, do you, Biles?"

"Nothing but changes, Measter Leonard. 'All flesh is grass,'" ejaculated Biles, who came up, and Leonard, wishing to avoid worldly dissertations, led the way back into the churchyard.

Here Aveline took Biles by the hand, and gazing into his face with tearful eyes, said,

"Do you remember me, Mr. Biles?"

"Noa, I can't say as I do, but you be a'most as purty as Miss Cunningham, and summat like her. Maybe you'd like to see her grave?"

Biles had turned the squire's will to account, for he had made a small fortune out of the two mounds of earth which he had raised over his and his housekeeper's remains, and which he kept as smooth as the turf of the surrounding downs. He had also planted cypress-trees at their head and feet, so that no spot in the old churchyard was so attractive to the tourist as this, particularly when Biles gave the mysterious history of the squire's last will and testament.

"Who'd a'thought it, Measter Leonard?" mused Biles, as the trio stood looking at the graves. "And the old church all turned topsy-turvy by thay furreigners, and boys and maids hopping about like thay Joans at a wake, wi' short spades in their hands, where Madam Lisle used to walk so stately! But, as I says, 'All flesh is grass.'"

"Do you remember finding me asleep in the church the day of the squire's funeral, and my poor mamma standing to listen and watch?" asked Aveline, eagerly.

"To be zure an' I do. Be you that little gurl? Well, you be agrowed," answered Biles.

"Where are Dan Lane and Toby?" asked Aveline.

"Wull, Dan a' made a vool o' hisself an' got married; an' Toby, he be a'most past work now, like Joe Biles. But he an't got no legacy to keep un." Here Biles chuckled. "An' I hear tell as your mamma was drowned, and Miss Amicia as was, took you up."

This speech overcame Aveline's remaining self-restraint, and she sank down on the squire's grave, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed pitifully.

"Don't 'ee, now, there's a good gurl," said Biles, while Leonard laid his hand protectingly on her shoulder.

"I ought not to have brought you, Aveline," he whispered.

"Oh yes, yes! I am glad. I shall be better directly," she sobbed, and rose with a strong effort at composure. "I don't believe my dear mamma is drowned. She will come back some day," she added, with a glance at Biles.

"To be zure she wull, my dear. Leastways, you know, we must hope to meet again up yonder," rejoined Biles, pointing heavenward.

A smile overspread Aveline's face as she replied, "Yes, if I could be sure of that; only it seems very long to wait."

"Long to look for'ard to, but short to look back upon after fourscore year, my dear. Measter Leonard an' you a' got the world before 'ee. I hopes as you'll 'do your duty in that state o' life in which it hath pleased God to place 'ee.' You be as fine a couple as ever I zet my eyes upon."



AVELINE SANK DOWN ON THE GRAVE AND SOBBED PITIFULLY

"I hope we shall, Biles," said Leonard, and Aveline smiled through her tears.

The evening sun gilded down and hamlet as they left the churchyard, and the calm glory of the scene gradually stilled Aveline's unrest. Neither of them spoke, but Leonard's kind heart was moved with pity for her. When they reached the manor he took her to the library, where he had been wont to see the squire, and bade her remain there while he went in search of her protectors.

"I will say you are not well," he began.

"Oh, no! Tell them the truth. They will understand," she replied, and she was left alone.

It was not her habit to give way, and she was much distressed with herself. She dried her eyes, and gradually recovered her usual look and manner; but strange visions haunted her. Her poor mother was everywhere, and as she sat in that quaint old library it seemed peopled with the ghosts of the departed. Unconsciously Leonard had seated her in the chair in which the squire used to sit—a carved, high-backed, red-leather-cushioned chair—and from it she surveyed as in a dream the musty volumes collected by generations of Lisles, and filling shelves, every panel of which was elaborately carved. A huge mantel-piece and Gothic window filled the spaces where books were not, and all the furniture was ancient as the house. She alone was of this nineteenth century, and a sweet contrast she made as she sat there, timid, expectant, inquisitive, forgetting her late grief in wonder at her surroundings.

"Where is she, *ma petite*?" interrupted her reverie, and M. d'Angère bustled in. "*Qu est-ce que c'est? You are ill, mon enfant?*"

"Ah, no, dear monsieur! only weak and foolish as I used to be when you were so kind," returned Aveline, hurrying to meet him.

Madame d'Angère and Mrs. Moore followed, and more inquiries ensued. Madame was annoyed, Mrs. Moore pitiful; and the latter would have had Aveline remain the night at the manor, but the proposal was negatived. In bounded Lisle, with voluble reproaches because Aveline had left him, and she had more than she could do to account for her conduct. She did so, however, truthfully; and just as she was saying that she had not seen the old church since the day that she had been there with her mother, Captain Moore walked in.

Meanwhile the party was breaking up. Leonard had remained without to avert observation from Aveline, having just whispered to M. d'Angère, who was looking for her. His uncle joined him.

"You had better not bring that poor child into prominent notice," he said. "All the girls are jealous of her beauty, which all the young men admire. I doubt if d'Angère doesn't make too much of her for Aunt Amicia's peace of mind. I almost wish she had remained at the Blue School; she is in a false, uncertain position."

"So she was there, uncle; but she is only a child," replied the seven-years-old Leonard.

Quiz came up and Mr. Churchhouse walked off.

"Aveline is always making scenes!" she began.

"She goes in for the languishing. Are you of a sympathetic nature, Leonard? You used to be good-natured, but not a ninny. What with the intolerable spooning of Sophia and Lucy, and Aveline's having carried off Captain Moore and you—she is sly enough, I can tell you—the afternoon has been as dull as old Moore himself."

"You have no cause of complaint, Quiz. Why, you have had the world at your feet. Look when and where I would, you had a bevy of officers round you, and I am given to understand that the soldier is first in love as in war."

"You used to be my friend," said Quiz, with irritation.

"I! my dear Quiz! I was nobody in those days; I am less than nobody now."

Quiz gave him a reproachful glance. If she had "the world at her feet," she wanted him also: whether from vanity or affection, who shall say?

CHAPTER XVIII.—M. D'ANGÈRE'S PATRIMONY.

AN amazing letter awaited M. d'Angère on his return from the manor. The drive home had not been cheerful; he had been more engaged with Aveline than with the pony he had undertaken to drive in the small carriage hired for the occasion, and his wife was offended. Of course she had occupied the seat by his side and Aveline the back one, but he had turned round so frequently to inquire for his petite, that madame had declared she was quite terrified lest he should upset the carriage from sheer inattention.

"A thousand pardons, ma mie," he had said, and Aveline had returned, crestfallen, to the villa, feeling that she had done nothing but transgress all the afternoon.

But the amazing letter set everything to rights. It lay on the drawing-room table when they entered, and monsieur took it up immediately.

"France! Fontainebleau!" he exclaimed, turning it over. "But I have not my lunettes!" he added, sitting down composedly, and taking out his snuff-box. He emptied his pockets, but the spectacles were nowhere to be found.

"You must have lost them, mon ami, when turning round to Aveline and nearly upsetting the carriage," said madame, severely. "Aveline, nothing is so unladylike as to make scenes."

"Dear madame, I will do better in future. I will look for the spectacles. Perhaps you did not take them, dear monsieur."

"Perhaps not, ma petite."

He took a pinch of snuff philosophically, while Aveline and Lilywhite ransacked the house.

"He's always losing something," grumbled Lilywhite. "I suppose you've had a fine time of it, Aveline?"

"I have not enjoyed it, Lilywhite. I would rather have been at home."

"Bring the lamp. I will try without my glasses," shouted monsieur.

Aveline brought the lamp, and he opened the letter. But he could not decypher it without his spectacles. Madame tried, but she never read French fluently, and after puzzling out the first sentence, monsieur said vehemently,

"Give it to Aveline. To think that I should have lost my lunettes at such a moment."

Madame offended, passed the letter to Aveline.

She read it with ease, for she had assisted M. d'Angère in the arrangement of certain French manuscripts, and had been an apt pupil.

"Impossible! The château of my ancestors! What remains from the Revolution! The place of my birth! La Belle Vue de Fontainebleau!"

Such were the exclamations of M. d'Angère, uttered in French, while Aveline read a letter which neither she nor madame fully understood. Before it was quite concluded he burst into tears. All his wife's little jealousies were gone in a moment. She put her arms round his neck, forgetful even of her point-lace sleeves, crying out, "Alphonse! mon Alphonse! It is good news!"

"It is, ma bien amice," he answered.

Then he rose, took her hand, kissed her on both cheeks, and, as if presenting her at court instead of to the bewildered Aveline, said,

"Behold Madame la Chevalière d'Angère!"

Then he embraced her again.

"Lilyvite! Lilyvite! go to that hired vehicle and see if I have left my lunettes therein," he shouted. "Thou shalt henceforth have thine own voiture, ma femme. No more hired carriages; no more forced condescension; no more patronage of the poor teacher of languages! Thou hast shared my poverty, thou wilt share my prosperity. To see again my beloved Fontainebleau—our château—the palace—the forest! Mon Amicia! Ma petite, my heart breaks with joy."

This outburst was accompanied by gesticulations such as Madame d'Angère had never witnessed since he proposed for her.

"Sit down, mon Alphonse. Calm thyself. Bring his snuff-box, Aveline. Fetch a glass of liqueur. Let the dogs in. They understand that something is taking place. I feel hysterical."

They sat down side by side and hand in hand on the sofa. Loulou and Frou Frou jumped on their knees. Aveline brought the liqueur and then turned to leave the room.

"Go not away, ma petite. Read the letter again," said monsieur.

"And slowly, for I understood nothing," added madame.

"Translate it, my child."

Again Aveline stood over the lamp, and carefully translated the letter. It was now madame's turn to be excited, and to utter exclamations of delight and little cries of astonishment, while her husband laughed, shrugged his shoulders, rubbed his hands, poured forth French expletives, and otherwise conducted himself much as if he were slightly insane.

Before Aveline had quite finished, Lilywhite returned. She had found the spectacles. She was taken aback by the appearance of the trio, and asked what was the matter.

"Lilyvite, I have regained my patrimony. I am a chevalier d'honneur once more, and your mistress is la chevalière."

"What's that, master?"

"Well, it means Saar Alphonse and Lady d'Angère!"

"My! and must we say your ladyship?"

"Yes; but I can now read the letter myself."

It was to the effect that an estate at Fontainebleau which had belonged for generations to the family of the d'Angère, but which had been lost to them at the Revolution, was restored by Government, and he, being the sole remaining representative of the name, had only to go to France and take possession of it. The title of chevalier was also his by right. It took some time to master the details of the letter and reduce it to the comprehension of his wife, but she was in a state of ecstasy, and continually expressed her delight that her Alphonse would now be in the position which his "great talents" intended him for.

"We shall now visit France again! We shall see the Boulevards, and the Champs Elysées, and the Bois, and those polite Frenchmen," she cried enthusiastically. "You remember how they complimented me, Alphonse?"

"Hein! I forget nothing, ma mie! What should we have done without la petite at this crisis? She is a complete Frenchwoman."

Aveline remarked that this little speech met with no response from Madame d'Angère, and that night, when at last they retired to rest, she lay long awake, wondering what her future would be. She made many plans, for she did not imagine she should continue with her present protectors under their altered circumstances, and she resolved to undertake the first situation that offered. "But," she thought, "I will consult Mr. Leonard. It might have been best, as Isabella Dallimore says, if I had continued at the Blue School and become a pupil teacher. Still, I love them dearly, and if only they will take me with them, I will—oh! I will be their servant, their slave."

Truth to tell, she was that already—a willing bond-servant; for what with the pets, the dress-making, the household duties, the French readings, and a hundred other petty occupations, she had no leisure. This was good, for willing work breeds contentment, and Aveline's prevented her brooding over her orphanhood. But now, she thought, such avocations would be delegated to others. Madame would have her maid, monsieur his man, the dogs their groom. Although she had often, she grieved to think, secretly murmured at the slouches she unpicked, the furbelows she manufactured; although she had occasionally scolded the refractory dogs when washing them, and reproached the parrot for his hideous screams when cleaning his cage; although she had resented at heart Lilywhite's petty spite and jealousy, she yet felt wretched at the prospect of parting from any of the inmates of Fontainebleau Villa. And as to Monsieur and Madame d'Angère, it would break her heart to leave them; it would be next to losing her mother. It was no wonder that she sobbed aloud when she reached this point in her meditations.

There was a tap at her door, and the whispered words, "What is the matter, ma petite?"

"Only a nightmare—a foolish terror, dear monsieur," she replied, suppressing the grief.

"Have no fear; sleep well; thou art as our own child," said the kind and happy Frenchman.

But when his good-fortune was made public, as it was at once, many were the speculations concerning Aveline, together with the congratulations he received on all sides. Madame d'Angère's sisters and their families were naturally among the first to offer the latter, and to indulge in the former. They all examined their consciences as to their previous conduct to madame, and were obliged to confess that it had not been faultless. However, they resolved that it should be blameless in future, and even Quiz decided that a chevalier d'honneur, with corkscrew curls, was much less ridiculous than a poor monsieur. They all made up their minds that Aveline would be no longer necessary, and discussed what was to become of her, amongst themselves unreservedly, and with Madame d'Angère cautiously. They bore Aveline no particular ill will, and were ready to give her a lift into a new situation, but they took it for granted she would quit her present one. Indeed, Mrs. Churchhouse went so far as to talk the matter over, not only at her own breakfast-table, but also with her friend and gossip, Mrs. Moore.

That lady had taken a great fancy to Aveline, and, being of an impulsive nature, and fond of her own way, she wrote at once to Madame d'Angère, saying that she understood Miss Roone was likely to leave her when she and Monsieur d'Angère went abroad, and offering to receive her at the manor. She said that as two of her sons were about to get married, and the third was seldom at home, she would be glad of so amiable a companion.

It happened that when this letter reached Madame d'Angère, Isabella and Quiz were with her. She took them into her confidence.

"Mrs. Moore does not address me as 'Madame la Chevalière d'Angère,'" she said, when they had read the missive.

"Those Americans are so ignorant, auntie; they know nothing of rank. But this seems a good opening for Aveline," said Quiz.

"It would be her ruin! Apprentice her to the School of Art, or let her work up for an examination; all girls should have a trade or profession," decided Isabella.

"But we have not made up our minds; le chevalier has not yet concluded his arrangements," returned madame, languidly.

Quiz walked to the window to smother a laugh; and, in the Plaisance, she saw Aveline and Leonard, apparently in earnest conversation. Green-eyed jealousy took possession of her. She turned, with a flushed and angry face, from the window, and said, "Aveline has been raised above her position. Such girls are always sly, and she is bent on worming herself into the affections of all the men she comes near. She began, as a child, with Uncle Churchhouse and Leonard, she plays the same game with Monsieur d'Angère—the chevalier, I mean—she is at it with Captain Moore and others, and she even stoops to ingratiate herself with Lisle, just because he is a boy. She cares for no woman living—not even for you, auntie."

"That is what Lilywhite says," responded madame, who was always led by the last speaker.

"I think you are unjust," put in Isabella,

"It is not her fault if all the men admire her, and I say she is a very good sort of a girl, only she should be trained for something more useful than nursing pugs and dawdling over old people."

"Isabella! what do you mean?" asked madame, in her huffiest way.

"That since there are about a third more women than men in the world, and therefore they can't be all as lucky—or unlucky—as Sophia and Lucy, every woman should be trained to earn her living like a man. I mean to earn mine, and trust neither to the Lord Chancellor nor to matrimony."

"Bravo, Isabella de Fortibus!" exclaimed Leonard, entering as this speech concluded. "But if the ladies compete with the men for all the prizes of life, and oust a good many of us, we must emigrate in self-defence."

"And the best thing you can do. But we were talking of Aveline."

"Your protégée!" cried the angry Quiz, sarcastically.

Leonard glanced at her flushed, handsome face, and saw there was something amiss, but little guessed that he had caused it. He made no reply, for he had just been talking to Aveline, and advising her to leave herself entirely in the hands of Monsieur and Madame d'Angère, and to show no anxiety about her future.

M. d'Angère came in, and he congratulated him and madame on their good fortune, to which he replied, taking snuff between each sentence.

"You will come to Fontainebleau, mon ami Léonard? And you, Quiz?—and you, Isabella? All of you must come. There will be room in the old château. Truth! it will be thirty-five years since I was there myself. But my heart will be ever in your old England. It was here I met madame, and made many friends, and—permit me—relations. I may now claim the parentage."

This speech, and the presentation of his left hand to his wife, mollified the roused jealousy of his helpmate, and tended to soften her feelings towards the unconscious Aveline.

CHAPTER XIX.—A FIRST QUARREL.

MADAME D'ANGÈRE was naturally fond of Aveline, but she was a selfish, weak woman, and ready to dislike anything that interfered with her interests. She very properly considered her husband as part of herself, therefore she was prepared to discard all that tended to sever their united halves. The inconsiderate words of Quiz and the well-considered whispers of Lilywhite were, for her, words and whispers of the Tempter. She was too weak to withstand them, and, for the first time during her married life, she allowed the demon jealousy to creep into her transparent nature. Hitherto she and her Alphonse had jogged on evenly together, and no stumbling-stone had impeded their course; but then they had not met with those terrible obstacles, riches or poverty. Now that unexpected honour and wealth had fallen upon her path, she began to prance along, and would fain tread down all impediments, if only her Alphonse would prance with her. But he was

not inclined to alter his pace. He knew that to do so would spill his snuff, rumple his shirt frill, disarrange his curls, and otherwise interfere with his equanimity and probably mar his digestion; so he took his altered estate easily, or he would have done so but for madame, whose spirit had been stirred within her to watch him and Aveline. The oft-repeated "Ma petite," and the rejoinders of "Cher monsieur," became to her so many big stones which interfered with her happiness, and she gradually lost her temper and her appetite.

"Thou hast the migraine, ma mie," said monsieur. "This news has been too much for thy philosophy; it overcame mine, but we shall recover it when we arrive at our Belle Vue."

"There is so much to think of, Alphonse. First, how we can best convey Frou Frou and Loulou and the parrot; then what is to be done with Lilywhite; finally, Aveline."

"Those things arrange themselves, my friend. What you call 'ready money,' which, like a bad valet, is never ready when wanted, is our only present difficulty."

"I have received a letter from Mrs. Moore which will make us easy concerning Aveline. It is truly kind and considerate."

The chevalier, as we must now call him, opened his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, and uttered the interrogative exclamation, "Hein!"

"Here is the letter," continued madame. "She has omitted to address me as Madame la Chevalière; but, as Quiz says, that is American ignorance. She is an amiable woman, and I think Aveline would be happy with her."

He took out his spectacles and read Mrs. Moore's note. His colour rose, and with a French prefatorial word, which happily his wife did not understand, he said, vehemently,

"And who has dared to say that we discard the child? We adopt an orphan when we are poor, and forsake her when we are rich! No, no! that is not our manners. We use her to clean, and sew, and write, and amuse us when we have no servant but Lilyvite, and so soon as we may maintain our proper domestics, we send her as femme de chambre to another. No, madame, not so long as Alphonse d'Angère has a heart to beat in his breast. No, la petite! not so long as thou needest a friend and protector who loves thee as a father. Say, madame ma femme, that this originates not from thee. Say it proceeds from thy relations, who, now that we prosper, regard us as angels, and laugh no longer at our little weaknesses. But they succeed not in chasing from us the orphan child of our adoption."

He rose in his excitement and paced the room. His wife had never seen him so moved. The mouse had become a lion. He had never in his life before called her "madame ma femme." She was frightened to death—awed—petrified. She actually trembled before this meek, unsusceptible Alphonse, who had been her humble servant for a quarter of a century. Was he going to be a tyrant, if so, what would become of her in a foreign country? She began to sob.

"Tell her she may have Lilyvite, but not Aveline," he resumed. "Tell them all that the child

loves us. Ha, Amicia, crush not the pretty flower, love; she blooms not in the harsh air; cease to nourish her, and she fades away. So would it be with Aveline. Think, mon amie, how it was when her mother died. But for thy maternal tenderness she would have followed her to the tomb."

"Oh, Alphonse! mon Alphonse! Be not so unkind. Forgive me," sobbed the subdued wife.

"Forgive thee, my friend! What words! But thou wilt cherish the little one, and aid her to forget her friendless state?"

"I will! I will!"

"Then write to Mrs. Moore, and say Mademoiselle Roone accompanies us to our patrimony. That will suffice. Now, permit that I embrace thee, ma mie."

He imprinted a kiss on each of her cheeks, and sought to calm his choler by stooping over the dogs. They had been in distress during this scene, vainly endeavouring to attract the attention of their mistress by pulling at her gown and yelping. The parrot, also, had not been an indifferent spectator, but had imitated her sobs to perfection, and had even aided her by ejaculating, "Kiss, kiss, Alphonse." But he had been unheeded. Now that the assertion of marital authority had been made, and M. le Chevalier d'Angère was master of the occasion, he consoled his wife by his usual laugh and the parrot by a *Tais-toi, Jacquot*.

Thus Aveline's fate was sealed, and Leonard's advice was proved to be good. But neither of them knew that a "first quarrel" had taken place, and that certain words rankled in the breast of Madame la Chevalière.

Leonard afterwards discovered, through his uncle, that Aveline was to accompany her protectors abroad. Mrs. Moore had said that she feared she had been premature in asking for her transfer, since the answer she received was sharp and decided; but she meant to try Lilywhite as housemaid instead.

The chevalier gave Aveline to understand, indirectly, that neither he, his wife, the dogs, nor the parrot could live without her, and she accepted her new prospects with girlish delight. To see the real Fontainebleau had been one of her many dreams, and now it would be a reality.

"How happy we shall be, dear madame!" was her frequent cry; but the response was cold.

However, there was not much time to muse over petty jealousies, for the move from England to France was to be made as soon as Fontainebleau Villa was sublet and its furniture sold. This was done without much difficulty, and during the sale the chevalier, his wife, and Aveline were invited to Major Dallimore's. Aveline's invitation had not been given *con amore*, but there was no choice. To the chagrin of the ladies, she was to remain with the d'Angères, and they were obliged to make the best of it.

"Blood is thicker than water," remarked Mrs. Dallimore. "Sister Amicia will not leave her property away from her own relations."

"But what of the chevalier?" asked malicious Quiz.

During the week spent, professedly, at Major Dallimore's, Aveline found so much to do at the

cottage, that she was not often at his house. Madame d'Angère, however, was there entirely, and her relations were not long in discovering that Aveline owed her projected transportation to her new home more to the chevalier than to his wife. Unintentionally, perhaps, but surely, they pretty well effaced her kind feelings, and imprinted suspicion in their place. Hers was, so to speak, an innocent jealousy, which imagined only that her Alphonse lavished on Aveline more of the affection that belonged of right to her than was meet; and she was too selfish to relinquish any share of it, too narrow-minded to understand his large-hearted benevolence.

Meanwhile, unsuspicious Aveline polished up the old furniture so that it might look its best at the sale—packed boxes—distributed presents in madame's name—aided the chevalier in the arrangement of his precious manuscripts and books, and, by her cheerfulness, sustained his flagging spirits. Strange as it seems, he grew melancholy at the prospect of leaving the country of his adoption and returning to his native land, saying to Aveline that here he had some few friends; there, all who belonged to him were dead. Leonard also helped to cheer him, but there was a sad counterinfluence in Lisle. He escaped continually from tutors and governors to Aveline, hindering her and distressing the chevalier. His grief was genuine, and he masterfully declared that they should not go.

In spite of the young lord of the manor, however, Fontainebleau Villa was dismantled, and all prepared for the sale.

On the afternoon previous to that event Aveline and Lilywhite chanced to be alone in the house. The former went from room to room, bidding farewell to the many familiar objects, and seeing that all was ready. She stood awhile in the window of the little drawing-room, a tear in her eye and a pang at her heart, as she looked out on the Plaisance she loved. She had her walking things on, prepared to leave for good.

"How sad it is!" she thought; "how melancholy are the echoes of one's feet on these uncarpeted boards; how bare the pictureless walls; and how silent the rooms without the dogs and parrot! I think I have said good-bye to every one but Lilywhite; I should like to part friends with her. I wish to leave bearing no one ill will, though I sometimes long to return Quiz's hard speeches. I could if I dared, but I know it would be wrong. Of course, I have no right to expect that Mrs. Dallimore or Mrs. Churchhouse should look on me otherwise than as a sort of servant, and I try to keep down my pride when they and others treat me 'de haut en bas,' as dear monsieur says. I have heard them call my dear mamma a pauper and me a charity girl, and I have longed—but I will be a Christian, as Mr. Leonard says, and forgive and forget. Lilywhite first. What can I say to her? How shall I begin?"

A half smile flitted over the fair young face as she moved slowly from the window and went downstairs with reluctant steps. "I have tried so often to take out her claws; I will try again," was her thought as she entered the kitchen. "I hope

you will like your new situation at the manor, Lilywhite," she began, cautiously. "I think Mrs. Moore is a very kind lady."

"I shall know what I have to do, anyhow, Aveline, which is more than you will," was the snappish rejoinder, "for I shall be upper house-maid, and you are only maid-of-all-work, and don't know from minute to minute what you'll be called to do next. Mrs. Moore can't be such a fidget as madame, or want such a lot o' waiting."

"Oh, but madame is so sweet and kind! Perhaps we shall never meet again, Lilywhite."

"Perhaps not, Aveline, and that may be all for the best. As we both come from the same school, I don't see why you should a-lived in the parlour and I in the kitchen."

"But you said, Lilywhite, that you liked to know your work, and to have it to yourself. I really think you have had most leisure, and your kitchen is quite like a parlour, as you keep it."

Lilywhite was slightly mollified. "Anyhow, 'tis better to stop in England than to go to foreign parts, Aveline. We knows what we eats at home, but abroad they gives you frogs and snails and all sorts o' creeping things. I don't envy you."

"You need not, Lilywhite, for you are far better off than I: you have still a mother. But I want you to think of me sometimes when I am far away, and so I have embroidered you a housewife."

Aveline produced a sample of work worthy of the School of Art to which Isabella would have appreciated her.

"Well, that is beautiful!" exclaimed Lilywhite, involuntarily. "Flowers all over the back, and cottons and pins and needles enough to last one's life! I'm sure I don't know where you found the money or the time, Aveline."

"I saved up my money, and I sat up in my room at night to make it. I am so glad you like it, Lilywhite."

A flush of such intense pleasure, and a smile of such innocent satisfaction adorned the lovely face, that Lilywhite could not resist them. She thanked Aveline naturally, and regretted that she had nothing to give her in return.

"Give me your good wishes, and try to think kindly of me," said Aveline, bursting into tears and throwing her arms round the softened domestic. "Good-bye, good-bye, dear Lilywhite."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry if ever I was unkind," snivelled Lilywhite; and thus the claws were drawn.

Aveline rushed out of the house. At the gate she met Leonard. Seeing her tears, he asked her to walk to the castle before venturing into the town. He said he was going to dine with the Dallimores, and had been sent to look after her by the chevalier. They walked up the hill in silence until they reached the ruin, then Leonard brought renewed smiles to her face by telling her that he was going up to town the same day as herself and her friends.

He forgot his uncle's good advice, and remained the best part of an hour with Aveline, wandering round and round the castle, indifferent to the gossips whom they chanced to meet. They loved one another dearly, as brother and sister, and had a firm, leal faith in the interest which each felt for

each. Leonard, who saw the undercurrent that ran beneath the apparently smooth surface of the girl's present prospects, felt that this semi-adoption was insecure. However, he heartened her up, and when they finally reached Major Dallimore's she was literally radiant in youth and beauty.

Lisle had been watching for her. "Aveline, you've been painting your face!" he cried. "You promised to go for the very last walk with me, and now you've been with that Leonard Leigh."

"We have to-morrow, Lisle. We will have our long, last walk to-morrow," she replied, as the boy put his arm round her waist and looked lovingly into her face.

And, despite his wayward, untrammelled nature, she returned his child-love faithfully.

CHAPTER XX.—THE RIVALS.

QUIZ had been watching for Leonard much as Lisle had been for Aveline, and when they appeared together she was very wroth. While Aveline went to take off her things she managed to waylay Leonard and they went together into the breakfast-room, now a sumptuously-furnished apartment. He perceived from her manner that something was amiss. He knew her moods of old, and found that they had not greatly changed with years, but he did not know that he was answerable for many of them.

"I wanted to ask you, Leonard, why you gave Aveline the pocket-book I presented to you before you went to London," she began.

"Did I?" he asked. "I am not aware of it. I remember she was very unhappy, and not having a sous to buy her anything, I gave her the first thing that turned up. If it consoled her I am sure you were glad, though I must have forgotten that the gift was yours."

"I saw it in her hand soon after she went as servant to Aunt Amicia, and accused her of stealing it. She said you had given it to her. We quarrelled over it, but she finally returned it to me. There it is. Do what you will with it."

Quiz threw the small misused pocket-book disdainfully to Leonard. He picked it up.

"I shall keep it, Quiz, and feel flattered that two lovely young ladies thought it worth their while to dispute over such a trifle."

"Young ladies," echoed Quiz. "May I ask whether you and Aveline have completed your arrangements?"

"What arrangements? It is settled that I go up to town with them."

"You are not—not engaged?"

"Engaged! What can you mean, Quiz?"

"That your various private meetings and *tête-à-tête* walks, the scene at the manor, your visits to the villa, and finally this farewell ramble and your departure on the same day, must lead one to suppose that you understand one another."

"I trust we do, but not in the way you imagine. I am sorry you think me so unprincipled. I may, at this moment, be making forty or fifty pounds a year. I live, by courtesy, in one of two chambers belonging to your uncle, Mr. Conquest. I do my

utmost not to burden my uncle; I have my own way to make in the world. And your opinion of me is so low that you think I could drag a child, for Aveline is little more, into positive poverty because I am interested in her. Remember that I, as a man, can face the imputation of flirting, or even being engaged; but that a friendless, half-protected, beautiful girl cannot with impunity. It might soil her pure character and blight her prospects. I am sure you, Quiz, would not do this."

"I might not, but others would. We all judge by appearances, and people will talk."

Quiz began to feel uncomfortable beneath Leonard's penetrating glance.

"Then you may tell them, if you will, Quiz, that if I know myself I never mean to engage myself to any girl until I can maintain both her and myself respectably. But this is evidently not enough. You may add, that I will do my utmost not to pay particular attention to any girl, my cousins excepted, who are engaged to be married; and that under no circumstances will I give or accept presents, pocket-books particularly, or write letters, until such time as I am engaged. Do you think that will satisfy the public mind? I must confess that I am flattered that it should take so much interest in a poor lawyer's clerk."

"How absurd you are, Leonard! Why, every one is talking about you."

"How very kind every one is. I hope, some day, they may have something worth talking about. Meanwhile, I perceive, I must be more discreet. You shall see how equally I will divide my attentions this very day between the three Miss Dallimores and the proscribed Aveline."

Quiz was sharp enough, but she did not understand Leonard's manner. She had overshot her mark, and was not aware of it. She neither comprehended his feelings nor her own, and little suspected that his apparently half-sarcastic speech was in earnest. When she was a child, he had been her hero; now she was a woman, she scarcely dared think what he was, only she knew she was unjustly jealous of Aveline, and would have him devote himself to her alone. But, to her chagrin, he kept his word. At the large family dinner that ensued, he so managed as to be seated between Helen and his cousin Sophia, and neither by word nor look distinguished either Quiz or Aveline. Mr. and Mrs. Churchhouse and their daughters had been invited to this farewell feast, and Mrs. Dallimore, in counting up her round dozen, had somehow omitted Aveline, who made the thirteenth. Surveying the covers and d'oyleys through her spectacles, she realised that unlucky number; and rather than subject herself or her friends to the chance of demise during the ensuing year, she yielded to the entreaties of Lisle to "dine with Aveline." She therefore had her *cavaliere servente*, who engrossed all her attention, and was happily unconscious of Leonard's indifference.

"In the sulks, Quiz! Hadn't room for an officer!" whispered Major Dallimore to his youngest daughter, who was unusually silent.

"You shall be one of our first visitors, Quiz," said the chevalier, but elicited no response.

The girl was hurt and angry, and knew that she had herself been the cause of Leonard's changed manner. Still she had no right to complain, for she caught his eyes fixed on her face more than once, and thought how very handsome he was. Good looks are often a misfortune to a woman, but should not interfere with masculine success in life. Still Leonard's bid fair to bring him into difficulties with the weaker sex.

There was music in the evening, and Quiz was prevailed upon to sing with some difficulty. Leonard turned over the leaves and praised her performance, which softened her ill-humour, but he did the same for Helen, who sang villainously. When, however, the chevalier asked Aveline to sing a French song, he seated himself at a distance, and made no remark. None but Quiz understood this by-play, and Leonard was secretly amused at her annoyance.

"Have you offended Quiz, Leonard?" whispered his cousin Lucy.

"Girls are such fools!" said Isabella, who overheard. "If they all had a trade or profession to engage their thoughts they wouldn't have time to waste on trivialities."

"What are trivialities?" asked Leonard.

"Lovers!" replied Isabella, so loud that everybody heard.

"I should lose a good slice of my income if they were done away with," laughed Mr. Churchhouse; "but I should keep my daughters."

The young folks smiled and blushed, but De Fortibus was not disconcerted.

"Better have taught them how to keep themselves, uncle," she said.

Aveline, meanwhile, had been sitting apart with her friend Helen, Lisle having gone to bed. She was happily unconscious of Leonard's grave manner, not expecting particular notice from him or any one else. She knew her position and maintained it without either fear, servility, or presumption. But he had been aroused to a sense of his by the incautious words spoken by jealous Quiz. He had left his former friends and playmates children, he had found them women. He thought to take up the rôle just where he had ceased to play, but he had to begin a new part. He settled that at once. He would abstain henceforth from private walks or talks with young ladies, and would stick to law and literature, and not to love: three Ls quite as important as the time-honoured and well-worn three Rs.

So, when the evening came to a close, he shook hands with the four girls as rapidly as possible. Quiz laughed in spite of herself.

"I am going to spend two or three days at the vicarage," she said, "so we shall meet again."

"All right. Then we need not say that awful word, good-bye," he returned. "Neither need we, Aveline," he added, as he fancied her hand trembled in his.

"Not if we all travel together," she replied.

"Au revoir, my friend Léonard," said the chevalier, and the vicarage party took leave.

The following day was the sale. Major Dallimore, Isabella, and Helen supported the chevalier, and helped to bid; Mrs. Dallimore remained at

home with Madame d'Angère; Quiz went to the vicarage, and Aveline and Lisle departed, soon after breakfast, for their promised autumn ramble. Mrs. Dallimore furnished them with cake and sandwiches, lest the precious Lisle should be hungry, and imposed endless restrictions which, she knew, he would not care to remember. They wandered far into the woods among the ferns and mosses, gathering nuts and blackberries as they went, and treading down the reddening leaves.

They passed through lanes with hedges laden with traveller's joy and scarlet berries; they crossed the green meadow and the yellow stubble-field, and seemed never weary; for Aveline loved the country, and Lisle loved to be with her.

They had their luncheon in the middle of the wood, seated on a mossy carpet, and surrounded by greenery. The autumn sun peeped in upon them through the trees, and the now nearly songless birds twittered for their amusement.

"I don't think Fontainebleau Forest is as pretty as this," said Lisle. "You will be sure to come back, Aveline?"

"I should think so; but you know everything is very uncertain, Lisle. Two or three months ago I had no idea of going to France."

"I hate France. The Isle of Wight is the best country in the world. Will you write to me every day, Aveline? then I will try to be good against you come back to marry me. Now you must promise not to marry any one else."

The child sprang up and clasped her neck. "I will choke you if you don't promise," he continued.

He seemed likely to accomplish his threat, but Aveline freed herself.

"You said you would behave well if I took this



CAERISBROOK CASTLE.

walk with you, but you have broken your word," she said, severely.

"But I am so very, very fond of you, Aveline. If I am ever so ill again as I was when I had measles, will you come and nurse me and read to me, and tell me pretty stories as you did then?"

"I will try, Lisle; but I hope you will keep very well and very good for your mamma's sake."

"I like to be naughty with her, you know, because she gives me sweets to be good. She says a lord of the manor must be a gentleman, and not cry. Shall I have all I want when I am that?"

"No; you will have to live for other people, like the good fairy I told you of."

"You would be the prettiest fairy, Aveline."

Here the boy leaned his elbows on Aveline's lap and gazed into her face. She passed her hands over his head and kissed his forehead.

"I think we may both be good fairies if we pray to our dear Lord to make us so. Shall we try?"

"I will, Aveline, if you will soon come back."

Tears sprang into the girl's eyes. The spontaneous love of this child was very sweet to her. There seemed to be some sort of alloy that she failed to extract in the gold of all other love, but this was pure. Seeing her tears, Lisle threw his arms about her and began to cry also.

"This will never do, darling," she said. "We must not cry, or every one will be displeased."

So they finished their luncheon, had a dessert of blackberries and nuts, and continued their ramble through the woods and lanes.

Meanwhile, the sale had been very successful, and the chevalier received enough "ready money" to make his journey to his native country easy.

Another day was spent with the Dallimores, during which Captain Moore called, but he did not see Aveline. She was well occupied with madame's toilette, preparatory to her début in her husband's ancestral abode. Of her own she had not much time to think, but madame assured her she would find plenty of leisure at Fontainebleau. She had not to complain of the Dallimore hospitality during that last week. The family understood that the chevalier had asserted himself, and they submitted, but not without many words, winks, shrugs, and small remarks, of which Madame d'Angère became occasionally cognisant.

All difficulty of locomotion was now removed, for the railway was opened between Newport and Ryde. On the morning appointed for their departure, a large party of friends assembled on the platform to bid adieu to the chevalier and his family. It was quite an exciting scene. The chevalier was in full fuss superintending the luggage and Polly, shaking hands, and receiving congratulations. Madame stood elegantly attired, with Loulou in her arms, and Aveline, in simple travelling dress, with Frou Frou.

The latter was suddenly accosted by Captain Moore. "I failed to see you when I called. I am hoping to go abroad soon, and then, perhaps, we may meet again," he said.

She was surprised, and could only say, "Thank you," and "Good-bye," as the words, "Take your seats," were heard. Then she had more than she could do to manage the two dogs, for madame had her handkerchief to her eyes, and Loulou's equilibrium was endangered; and, besides, Lisle

was importunate for "the last word and the last kiss." But her eyes were full of tears as she bade farewell to many friends. Who could have told her that those in whose hearts she would live the longest were Lisle and Captain Moore?

"Where is Leonard?" was now the general cry.

"Wait a minute for Mr. Leigh," said the major to the guard.

"Time is up, sir," returned that official, as the engine snorted to be off.

But our island is not London, and even trains can wait. Aveline, in dismay, looked across the station, through the gates, down the hill, and saw the vicarage carriage speeding up, Leonard, as charioteer, urging the horse. He had barely time to take his ticket and jump into the carriage when the train actually started. He could only wave his adieux to his friends.

"It was Quiz's fault," he explained. "She would and she wouldn't. Yesterday she settled to drive in with my uncle and see us off. This morning we waited and waited, but she had changed her mind. She sent her love to you all, and particularly to you, Aveline."

"How kind of her!" said Aveline, smiling through the tears.

It was a sort of relenting, penitent kindness on the part of Quiz. During the short period that she and Leonard had been together at the vicarage, manoeuvre as she would, she had not been able to secure even five minutes' private conversation. He had as strong a will as she; but she knew that it was her own fault, and she felt ashamed of herself, and anxious to recover his good opinion. So her last words had been uttered half defiantly, "Give my love to Aveline." "Certainly," he had replied, as he held her hand beneath the vicarage porch.

CHAPTER XXI.—"THE CHILD OF OUR ADOPTION."

THE chevalier took out his snuff-box, madame dried her eyes, and Leonard and Aveline had enough to do in preventing the dogs from jumping out of the window. They consoled themselves and one another, and had a pleasant journey. Counter influences were left behind, and they grew cheerful on the prospect before them. The road to Ryde was new to Aveline, and every fresh object in her sweet island drew forth exclamations of pleasure, for, like Lisle, she loved the home of her adoption. Her spirits rose as they travelled on, and her bright questions and answers delighted her male companions. The female was more abstracted. It turned out, when they were on the boat, that madame had been striving to recall the words of a song she had sung in her youth, and the effort had been almost too much for her. However, when she and Aveline were seated on one of the benches on deck that faced the island, a dog on each lap, the handkerchief was again raised to the eyes, and she murmured, "Isle of beauty, fare thee well!"

"Ha, ma mie! we see it not for the last time," said the chevalier, seating himself beside her.

Then she repeated the song, Aveline assisting,

and so they bade adieu to the island, and she recovered her spirits.

A word to the guard at Portsmouth secured them a third-class carriage to themselves, so that the dogs and Polly had it all their own way. And a very riotous way it proved, for no sooner was the envious baize removed from Polly's cage than she indemnified herself for the silence of imaginary night by raising such a cry, and talking so much, that people poked their heads out of neighbouring compartments to see what was the matter.

And Aveline chattered almost as fast as Polly; it was as if an incubus had been removed from her tongue. No Lilywhite, no Dallimores, no Mrs. Churchhouse, no gossiping neighbours to remark on her conduct, she was quite unrestrained. She had made peace with Lilywhite, Quiz had sent her a kind message, the severe Isabella had given her a parting remembrance, and the elders had wished her good-bye with tolerable kindness; she had bade an affectionate farewell to the Blue School and its mistress, and—a new world lay before her. The butterfly, happiness, loves to flit round "sweet seventeen," but she rarely remains long on any particular flower, so Aveline's high spirits fell before the day was done. She knew they would, therefore was prepared.

A grand carriage awaited them at Victoria; it was Mr. Conquest's. He had persuaded his wife that it was only proper to invite her own sister for a few days, and she, in consideration of her brother-in-law's restored rank and fortune, had consented. Leonard superintended the luggage, some of which was left at the office, to be picked up when they started for France. But what was to be done with Polly? The coachman evidently looked askance at the cage.

"If you will trust Polly to me, I will follow in a cab," said Leonard.

The chevalier proposed that he should join Leonard, but his wife negatived that; she suggested that Aveline should be with Polly, but Leonard put a decided veto upon that, for two reasons: the first was, that he wished proper respect to be paid to Aveline; the second, his resolution concerning all young ladies. He gained the day—as he generally did—and humbly followed the grand carriage, its coachman, footman, and invited guests, in a four-wheeler, accompanied by the parrot. He was much amused at the position, and wondered if Mrs. Conquest would ask him to dinner.

While this procession was bowling through London, and toiling up the hill to Hampstead, Mrs. Conquest was in a state of much excitement. She had not seen her expected relatives since she had grown so fat, and her increasing size was the trouble and occupation of her life. Her husband had promised to be at home to receive them, and he had not arrived. She was put out at having been cajoled into inviting them and then left to welcome them alone.

However, he appeared first bag in hand. He had scarcely spoken to her when the carriage drove up. He was immediately at the door. "So glad to see you, Amicia! and you, d'Angère!" he exclaimed, as the footman held open the carriage door, and he helped out madame.

The chevalier and Aveline remained behind a few moments picking up dogs and parcels. The footman took possession of the latter, and they followed with the former.

"I declare you are scarcely at all altered, Amicia," cried Mrs. Conquest, after a sisterly embrace.

"Sophia! it cannot be you!" cried Madame d'Angère, with undisguised surprise.

"Here is monsieur—the Chevalier d'Angère, I mean," broke in Mr. Conquest.

"Madame Conquest, how well you look! You are more handsome than ever. You remember when I did teach you the verb 'aimer'?" said the polite chevalier.

"And this young lady is—?" asked Mr. Conquest, seeing Aveline standing near the door with Frou Frou struggling to be free.

"Mees Roone. The child of our adoption," was the reply, unheard by Mrs. Conquest.

"We expected your maid; but two dogs, Amicia! What shall we do with them? We have not an animal in the house."

"We will keep them from your sight, Mistress Conquest," laughed the chevalier. "But we are inseparables, my dear woife, Aveline, Frou Frou, Loulou, Jacquot, et votre très humble serviteur."

"Surely you have not brought a niece, after all?" whispered Mrs. Conquest to her sister, still surveying her in unmitigated astonishment.

"Did I not tell you, Sophia? Surely I must have mentioned that we should bring Aveline?"

"Who is Aveline? We have not a niece of that name."

"She is a young orphan who lives with us; and I assure you the dogs are the most accomplished creatures in the world. You will remember Frou Frou, that we purchased when we were last in town. He shall display his talents after dinner."

"Another orphan! Wasn't that young Leigh enough?"

Mrs. Conquest, a good-natured woman at heart, went to speak to Aveline. She was evidently struck by her appearance.

"My sister Amicia's memory is not improved," she said. "She did not tell us that we should have the pleasure of your company."

"How very unfortunate!" said Aveline, starting back. "I am truly sorry."

"I dare say we can put you up. You must come and take off your things. Don't yelp at me, you horrid little creature. I hate dogs, and am awfully afraid of hydrophobia."

"I will take care that they do not come near you," returned Aveline, smiling at the evident terror. At this moment up drove the cab.

"How tiresome!" exclaimed Mrs. Conquest; "and dinner just ready and Mr. Moore arrived. We can't quite say, 'Not at home,' for they will see us here in the hall."

"It is only Mr. Leonard, with Polly," said Aveline.

The chevalier hurried to the door to receive his treasure from Leonard, who jumped out of the cab to speak to Mr. Conquest.

"I came up from the island with the chevalier and Madame d'Angère, sir," he said; "and I just

took charge of the parrot and the luggage. I shall be at the office to-morrow."

"Parrot!" echoed Mr. Conquest, with a despairing glance round at his wife; "what next?"

"I believe that is all, sir," laughed Leonard. "That is my portmanteau, and you can just drop me at the Metropolitan," he added, to the driver.

"My dear Sophia, here is Mr. Leigh!" cried Conquest, senior. "You must ask him to dinner."

She was inhospitable at heart, but did not care to be considered so, therefore she insisted on Leonard's remaining. His portmanteau being the only obstacle, Mr. Conquest said he would take it into town with him on the morrow. So Leonard stayed.

Suddenly the parrot uttered a fearful scream, and Mrs. Conquest was so evidently terrified that the chevalier, who was politeness itself, entreated to be allowed to carry it to his room.

"Jacquot will not incommode us. He live with us always," he explained.

Mr. Conquest led the way, and beckoned Leonard to follow. His wife also proposed that her sister and Aveline should go upstairs. She preceded them to a sumptuous bedroom.

"I will have a room prepared for you; but what can we do with the dogs?" she said to Aveline.

"I will remain with them if you will allow me," replied Aveline, keeping the offending animals from the hostess, for they were already frisking about the room in delighted freedom.

"You sweet, obliging girl," exclaimed Mrs. Conquest, actually kissing Aveline in her sudden gratitude.

"They are always accustomed to dine with us, Sophia," interposed madame, who was surveying her person in a large cheval glass.

"They are very tired, dear madame, Loulou especially. I think a late dinner would be bad for them," suggested Aveline.

"It might. They are no longer young," assented madame.

And poor Aveline, the dogs, and parrot were eventually banished to a small sitting-room on the second floor, the housemaid being ordered to wait upon them. She would not have objected to this arrangement had not Leonard been one of the dinner-party; but to lose this last chance of seeing him was a real trial to her. Besides, it was unnecessary. She had nothing to do but to cover up Jacquot and place him in the chevalier's dressing-room, to unpack the wicker-work sleeping apartment of the dogs, and watch till they were at rest, and, finally, to place them in madame's room. She was almost inclined to wish them at the bottom of the Solent, but she did not. However, she was young and hungry, and she consoled herself with the most elaborate dinner she had ever eaten, Mrs. Conquest having ordered the butler to send her a portion of everything through the housemaid, who patronised her as such Abigail will.

Meanwhile the chevalier was unhappy without her, and Leonard was much disappointed at her non-appearance. Mr. Moore, who happened to be in London on business, had been invited to meet his neighbours of the country, Mr. Conquest

having fallen into that not unusual mistake, that people cannot see too much of one another. The fact is, that when country people do visit town they like to see new faces.

"I wonder Sophia invited Mr. Moore. We have enough of him in the island," said madame.

"He is of his clientèle," replied monsieur.

But Mr. Moore took the opportunity of appointing to meet Leonard during his stay in town, in order to hear what more he had to tell concerning his sister, and he also inquired what had become of that charming little girl to whom his wife had taken such a fancy.

"And my son, too, for that much," he added. "Yet I do not see her."

"La petite, she take care of the dawgs," said the chevalier.

Mrs. Conquest felt a twinge of conscience, and when she and her sister withdrew after dinner she went in search of Aveline, while madame declared her intention of taking her customary siesta. Mrs. Conquest found her young guest straining her eyes through the window in the hope of seeing something of the heath, but she made out little save the glimmering lamps that dotted it.

"Where are they?" asked Mrs. Conquest, holding back her skirts, and treading as if the room were full of beetles.

"They are asleep. They will not disturb you again till the morning."

"Then pray come downstairs. Oh! you are quite nice with that grey dress and the black lace kerchief. Your hair is perfect. How do you manage to live with my sister Amicia and monsieur? And how did they stumble upon you?"

"They received me out of charity, and I would live or die for them."

All Aveline's natural enthusiasm was thrown into this reply.

"Yes, I heard of you from my sisters, Mrs. Dallimore and Mrs. Churchhouse. I wonder Amicia forgot to mention you."

They found madame asleep, and Aveline, perceiving that Mrs. Conquest also seemed drowsy, began to turn over a photograph-book, which enabled that lady to take her accustomed forty winks. So the girl was again left to her reflections.

When the gentlemen came in, they were all pleased to see so bright an addition to their party, and Mr. Moore especially distinguished her. As he was an elderly man he could do so with impunity, but Leonard shielded himself under his ægis of prudence, and this hurt her, she scarcely knew how or why. But he soon departed, portmanteau and all, in a cab with Mr. Moore. She would, however, see him once more before she left England, for she heard him promise the chevalier to meet them at the station.

At Last.

IT is long ago since my brave boy went
To fight on a foreign shore;
I have watched and hoped, but my strength
is spent—
Shall I see him on earth no more?
When the sunbeams fall by my old arm-chair,
Or the moonlight by my bed,
I can sometimes fancy he's standing there,
Or I dream that mayhap he's dead.

Nay, it is not so! though my eyes grow dim,
And my heart is often sad,
And the hands are feeble which toiled for him
While he was but a little lad;
Yet I cannot think that the dream is true,
For mercy has filled the past,
And it will not fail when my days are few—
I may welcome my boy at last.

All the neighbours tell how the war is done
That brought us such bitter pain,
And the soldier lads are every one
Coming back to their homes again.
Did a footstep fall on the winding stair,
Or was it the rain I heard?
I am trembling here in my old arm-chair,
And my heart is strangely stirred.

For the rain is gone and the sun shines out,
And the step is drawing near,
And that joy is mine, there's never a doubt
When the sound of his voice I hear.
Oh! 'twas worth the parting and worth the fears,
Just knowing the strain is past,
And the tears I weep are but happy tears
Now my laddie is home at last.

SYDNEY GREY.



Arthur Stocks.

AT LAST

[From the Picture exhibited in the Royal Academy

CURIOSITIES OF CRIMINAL LAW.

EVIDENCE.

THERE is an old fireside amusement with which our readers are doubtless acquainted, called, we think, "hearsay," which is conducted in the following manner. One of a friendly party writes down some short anecdote or story, and leaving the room with a companion, reads to him what he has written. He then returns to the company, and sends out a third member, to whom the second repeats the anecdote; the second then returns, and sends out a fourth friend, to whom the third in turn communicates what he has heard; and this goes on until some ten or twelve have in turn verbally received it. The last individual then writes from recollection what he has just heard, and the original story being compared with his writing, it causes much amusement and surprise to find that the two accounts, as a rule, differ in almost every particular. Now such exercise is instructive as well as amusing, showing, as it does, the danger of depending upon secondary or hearsay evidence, while it throws considerable light upon the subject of the present short paper.

There is no branch of the law more interesting or more important than the law relating to evidence. A court of justice may be considered as an apparatus for receiving verbal or written testimony, for extracting truth from it, and for pronouncing a judgment in accordance with the truth so extracted. The process is frequently a tedious and difficult one, and an army of legal writers have, during the past hundred years, laboured to establish what *is* and what is *not* "legal evidence."

It might appear to be easy enough to hear all witnesses have to say on one side and the other, and from their testimony to sift the truth; and, indeed, if witnesses did say only what they *know* to be—as distinguished from what they *imagine* to be—the truth, and if they did not contradict one another upon matters in which it might be thought they must certainly agree, such getting at the truth would not be difficult; but human minds and memories are fallible, and it is the great object of the law to distinguish between what a witness really knows from his own knowledge, what he infers from facts, and what he merely believes from the information of others. The first is "Evidence," the second "Inference," and the third is "Hearsay," the first only being receivable in courts of justice.

All evidence is given either in writing by affidavit, or by word of mouth, and the latter is preferred, in a criminal court especially.

It is on record that when James I tendered his affidavit on a trial in the Court of King's Bench, the Lord Chief Justice would not allow it to be read, observing that "if any man named James Stuart wished to give evidence in the case, he must show himself to the jury, and be examined in the witness-box."

Two good reasons are assigned for this preference for oral over written evidence. The first is that the judge and jury have the advantage of *seeing* the witness, and of judging from his demeanour whether he is one of truth or falsehood. The second is, that after his examination-in-chief he can be submitted to cross-examination—"turned inside out," as a late witty judge was wont to put it—by the opposite side, the judge, and, if necessary, by the jury also.

Evidence, whether written or verbal, is always given upon oath or affirmation.

In the former case the witness, when in the box, swears to speak "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and kisses a copy of the Gospels in token of his sincerity. A Jew kisses the Pentateuch, a Mohammedan the Koran. A Chinese throws down a saucer, and crushes it with his foot, while, as he does so, the crier exclaims, "You shall speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, for the saucer is broken, and if you speak not the truth your soul will be broken like the saucer!" The rule of law is, that whatever form of oath or affirmation the witness deems to be binding on his conscience is *the* form to be used. Only a short time since a witness of some peculiar sect of the Parsee faith created much amusement before the Chamber judge sitting in the new Law Courts upon this matter. When called as a witness, he drew a long silk cord from his pocket, bound it carefully round his waist, tied it in a peculiar manner, muttered a few unintelligible words in a foreign language, and then declared himself to be "sworn according to his conscience," and his evidence was as fully received as if taken upon the Holy Gospels.

Some of the more ignorant of the Roman Catholic Church have a curious idea of the sanctity of an oath. We remember an old Irish woman being called as a witness at a recent assize at Liverpool to prove on the part of the defence an *alibi* as to the prisoners. She was duly sworn, and gave evidence utterly irreconcilable with the statements of other witnesses of undoubted veracity. It was quietly suggested by a clergyman in court that the Testament used in administering the oath had no *cross* upon the cover. On this representation another book was sent for which bore the sacred symbol; and being somewhat reluctantly re-sworn on the new volume, she did not hesitate to say, on being questioned, that all her testimony just given was false, quietly remarking, in answer to a remonstrance from the counsel, that she supposed she might say what she pleased as long as she was not "sworn on the blessed crucifix."

The custom of kissing the thumb instead of the book was considered by many an evasion of the moral obligation attached to an oath, whilst to others, holding the Testament upside down was

deemed an equally efficacious release. These and other disreputable artifices are, however, very little indulged in at the present day.

After a witness is sworn comes the examination-in-chief, and many very nice rules apply to this. We select one or two examples. Of course some of the best evidence which can be adduced against a prisoner may be statements which he himself makes before his trial, but nothing which the prisoner said when under *duress* is evidence against him. What *duress* is has, however, been long disputed. Torture is, as we all know, abolished, but the law still holds that indirect torture may possibly have been applied to a prisoner—*mental* torture, as it has been termed. Hence, if a person making a promise or threat to a prisoner had no power to carry the same out, and the prisoner knew this want of power, generally any statement which the prisoner made after such promise or threat is admissible, but if the person so promising or threatening *had* power to carry out what he promised or threatened, or if the prisoner might reasonably think he had such power, then a subsequent confession is inadmissible. Thus where two men whom we will call Jim and Bill were charged with poaching, and whilst in the police cell Jim said to Bill, "You will get it all the lighter, Bill, if you confess," and Bill thereupon confessed, it was held that the confession was good, because Jim had no power to make it lighter for Bill, which Bill must have known. But where a magistrate before whom a prisoner was taken told him it would be better for him to confess all he knew about the crime, and the prisoner then confessed, it was determined by all the judges sitting in criminal appeal that the confession could not be received, because the magistrate *had* power to make it better for the prisoner by dismissing the charge.

To such a length has this doctrine, that confessions made after a promise or threat are not receivable in evidence, been carried, that at the Taunton assizes, not many years since, a confession to having been accessory to a murder was refused as evidence upon its being shown that the prisoner had previously to such confession been locked up in a cell, to the wall of which was affixed a handbill offering a reward of £100 and a free pardon to any participator in the crime except the principal offender. The handbill was held to be a promise held out by the magistrates who caused it to be printed and affixed to the wall of the cell.

Where a mistress found some lace in her maid's box, and charged her with stealing it, remarking, "If you don't own to it I shall send for a policeman," and the girl then admitted it was her mistress's lace, and that she had stolen it, it was ruled on this confession afterwards that the avowal could not be received in consequence of the threat of sending for a policeman, and as there was no other proof of the identity of the lace the girl was acquitted.

So tender is the law as to confessions being entirely voluntary, that every police-constable is ordered by Act of Parliament to remind any prisoner in his charge who is about to make any statement, that, "whatever you say will be taken

down in writing, and may be used upon your trial, and you have nothing to hope from any promise, or to fear from any threat, that may have been made to you."

Nothing said in a prisoner's *absence* can be given against him, and it frequently becomes a very nice question when such evidence is tendered, whether the prisoner was near enough to hear, and contradict if he thought proper, what was said.

In cases of murder and manslaughter what the victim said is inadmissible, unless the prisoner was present at the time to cross-examine or to contradict; but in these cases there is one interesting exception to the rule, and that is where the sufferer is in *articulo mortis* (at the point of death) and has expressed his belief that he shall not recover, for, if so, he may make a death-bed confession, even in the absence of the prisoner, and without being sworn, the law holding that at that supreme moment all inducement to speak falsely is abandoned.

The law allows evidence of the *good* character of a prisoner to be given on his trial, but not evidence of his *bad* character, and even the calendar of previous convictions, usually called "the black book," handed up to a judge at the commencement of an assize, is not referred to by him until after the verdict, and when only he has to consider for the purpose of a duly apportioned sentence whether the prisoner is an "habitual offender."

No *leading question* is allowed to be asked in the examination-in-chief: if this were permitted the counsel asking the question would in a measure be giving evidence on his own behalf; nor is a witness bound to answer any question tending to criminate himself. To get over this latter difficulty, in very important cases, counsel proposing to put any such questions are provided with a pardon under the Great Seal exculpating the witness from the penal consequences of any answers he may give, and such pardon being handed to him upon his objecting to answer, he is bound to afford the necessary information. In a celebrated bribery case at York this course was pursued, and the witness, a stout old farmer, after receiving the bulky parchment, informed the Court that he knew nothing about the matter, and that they had summoned the wrong man, or, to use his own elegant language, they had "got the wrong sow by the ear." This was found to be the case, and he was requested to leave the box. Previously to doing so, he held up the pardon and asked what he was to do "with this ere document," and no answer being vouchsafed, he remarked, amidst much laughter, "he didn't see that there was much to *pardon* him for, but he'd take the thing home for his children to play with."

It frequently becomes a very nice point whether a certain question can or cannot be asked, and long arguments take place between the judge and counsel upon the subject. The judges are extremely cautious in admitting inquiries so disputed, because if they do admit them, and the "Court above" on appeal determines them to be inadmissible, the whole proceedings become

vitiated, and a new trial is ordered on the ground of "improper admission of evidence."

When the celebrated Serjeant Hill conducted a defence at the bar of the House of Lords, he propounded a question to a witness which the counsel on the other side objected to. After much had been said on either side, the Law Lords themselves disagreed, and the Bar and all strangers were ordered to withdraw. After an absence of two hours they were readmitted, and the Lord Chancellor informed Mr. Hill that the House decided the question might be put. "Please you, my lords," said the serjeant, "it is so long since I asked the question, that I forget what it was, but with your lordships' permission I will put another!"

Many of our most eminent counsel have achieved their success at the Bar through their great skill in cross-examination. To get from a witness what he is determined he will not reveal is about as difficult a matter as to prove from a witness's own mouth that he is telling a lie, yet both these feats are daily accomplished in courts of justice by skilled barristers.

A witness, for instance, was lately called on a trial at the Old Bailey to prove an *alibi*. He solemnly swore that the prisoner on the night, and at the hour in question (11.25 p.m.), was at home and in bed at a distant part of the parish. Nothing could shake his testimony, for he said he had looked at the clock just as the prisoner went upstairs, and he had set the clock right with the church clock himself the same day, and it was certainly 11.25 p.m., etc. "Pray what do you make the time *now*?" blandly asked the counsel who cross-examined, pointing to a great white dial over the dock. No answer was given. "Don't be confused—take your time. I ask you again—what is the time by that clock *now*?" The question was repeated several times, and the witness was eventually bound to confess that he could not tell the time by a clock at all! Singularly enough the clock in the court was standing at 11.25 when he made this avowal!

We remember a country witness being called at the assizes to prove that at a particular hour on a certain night the moon was shining and at the full. There happened to be no almanack in court, but the evidence seemed to be satisfactory, for he had obtained his information from "a regular good London stationer's almanack." The question was asked in cross-examination, "How did you obtain this London stationer's almanack? Did you buy it?" "Buy it! No; my father pasted it behind my kitchen door *nine years ago*—the day I was married!" It need hardly be said that information as to the moon's age during a day in the current year was of little value from an almanack nine years old.

We may remark that all evidence of a "circumstantial" character is received with great caution, and no doubt rightly so, on a trial. Take, as an illustration of this, the evidence offered against a prisoner of *footmarks*. Nothing is more commonly found than the impression of boots or shoes near to a murdered body, or to premises which have been broken into. A policeman is called as a

witness on the trial, who deposes that he took the boots off the prisoner upon his arrest, that he compared them with the footmarks near the place of the alleged crime, and that they corresponded in every particular. "You compared them, I suppose," usually asks the judge, "by placing the boots in the impressions, and found that they corresponded?" "Yes, my lord." The answer is fatal to that branch of the evidence, for the placing the boot *in* the impression found very possibly caused the similarity relied upon; the prudent officer places the prisoner's boot *beside* the footprint, presses it into the earth, and then, removing it, compares the impression made with the one discovered.

As the jury are sworn to give their verdict "according to the evidence," the greatest pains are taken to prevent their being in any way tampered with by informal evidence being tendered to them during the trial. In cases of felony—capital cases especially—bailiffs are sworn to take charge of them, and to prevent any one from speaking, or handing anything to them, when in or out of the jury-box, and if a note be brought to one of the jury, it is in strictness read by the presiding judge before being handed to the jurymen.

We read in the State Trials that when the seven bishops were tried in the reign of James II, so anxious were their counsel that no Court influence should be used upon the jury, when they had been locked up to consider their verdict, that one of the "stoutest" of the barristers, armed with a sword, sat up outside the door of the jury-room the entire night, to prevent the entrance of any messenger from the king!

We remember an amusing little circumstance occurring during a protracted trial for felony in one of the midland counties a few years ago. A boy, entering the court and making his way to the jury-box, handed to the officer in attendance a note addressed to one of the jury, the officer handing it, as in duty bound, to "his lordship on the bench." The judge—first asking permission—opened and read the communication. After a solemn pause he remarked, "I think, sir, I had better not hand you this at present. You could not now comply with its suggestion, and it might distract your attention from the very serious case we are trying." The jurymen bowed, and the judge carefully placed the letter between the pages of his note-book. When the case concluded, about eight or nine at night, said the judge, "There is your note, sir. I am afraid it will give you little pleasure *now*." The juror opened and read it, smiled, bowed, and hastily left the box, leaving the note behind, which, we trust, we were guilty of no great indiscretion in reading. It was in a female hand:

"Dearest Jim,—Mr. and Mrs. Brown have just come, and have brought *such* a lovely pair of ducks, you can't think! and the onions and things for the stuffing, and we'll have the pudding we left from Christmas. I'll put them down to be ready at *one sharp*, because the B.'s must leave early—by the five train. Do leave that nasty court. Say you're poorly, or *anything*. Mind, at *ONE*! We shan't wait!

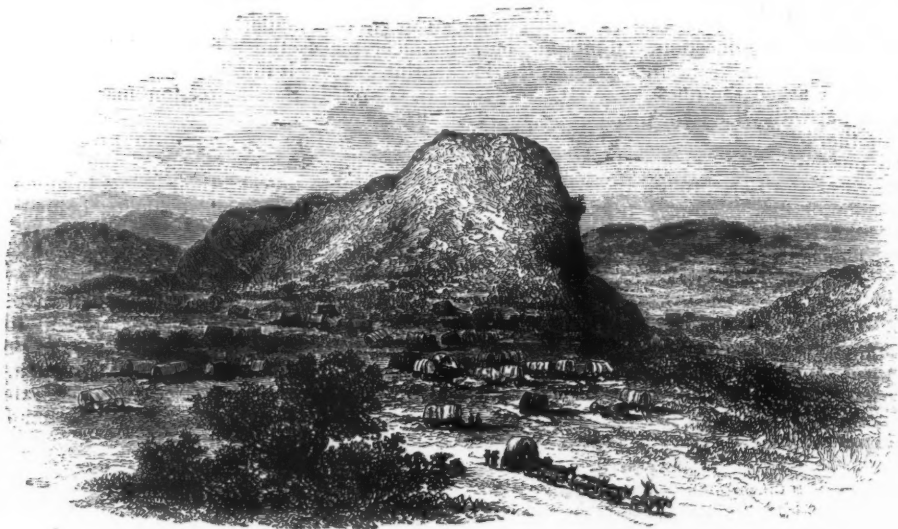
"Yours, KITTY."

Poor jurymen!

ISANDHLWANA:

A VISIT SIX MONTHS AFTER THE DISASTER.

BY A. N. MONTGOMERY, J.F., LATE COMMANDANT I.N.N.C., FORMERLY CAPTAIN ROYAL FUSILIERS.



ISANDHLWANA.

IN the month of July, 1879, my duties as Colonial Commander of No. 1 District took me to Rorke's Drift. My charge was to watch and guard a hostile border of some sixty miles, to inspect the large force of irregulars and levies under my command, and generally to aid the Imperial forces. Having inspected the Chief Teteleki's adherents (mounted and foot), and some European Border-guardsmen, I was prepared to accept the hospitality of the gallant 24th, to whom my auxiliaries there were attached. In the commanding-officer I found an old comrade of the Gibraltar garrison of days of yore. So interesting were his accounts of his arduous duty of burying the slain at Isandhlwana, and other details of that fatal field, that I conceived a strong desire to visit a spot of such sad renown throughout the civilised world.

Mentioning my wish to the commanding-officer, as it was beyond the sphere of my duty, being in his district, he replied that he saw no objection, but that there was little now to be seen. Having arranged with my interpreter, Captain N., of the Native Contingent, for an early start after breakfast, I turned in, taking a share of the tent of the justly popular Dr. J.

Breakfast over, horses ready, my friend said,—“I don't think you are quite right in going. I've been potted at on several occasions, and probably there are Zulus hanging about.”

Both our countenances fell, for N. was as keen as I was. We had no idea of any risk, but not having any business across the border, without

permission could not go in the teeth of this gentle injunction. A happy thought occurred. Would there be any objection to my taking some volunteers from Teteleki's cavalry? Then there could be no risk of a surprise, which, after all, was the point, and which would, should it occur, involve censure on my friend. “I'll tell you what,” said he: “I am going in a couple of days, to bury some outlying dead. There is no reason why you should not go then.”

So off we started to my next post, Landtmann's Drift, or Dundee, I forget which, taking very good care to return on the eve of the proposed expedition.

It was on one of those lovely, bright, dry, mid-winter days—certainly the climate of South-East Africa is unexceptionable—that the party started. It consisted of a patrol of mounted gunners, under a guardsman colonel, returning to Fort Marshall, and some King's Dragoon Guards, 24th, etc., the commanding-officer's party. Crossing the Buffalo, a branch of the famed Tugela, about an hour's walk-march brought us within full view of the hill, looking like a large *lion couchant*, which gives its name to the fatal field.

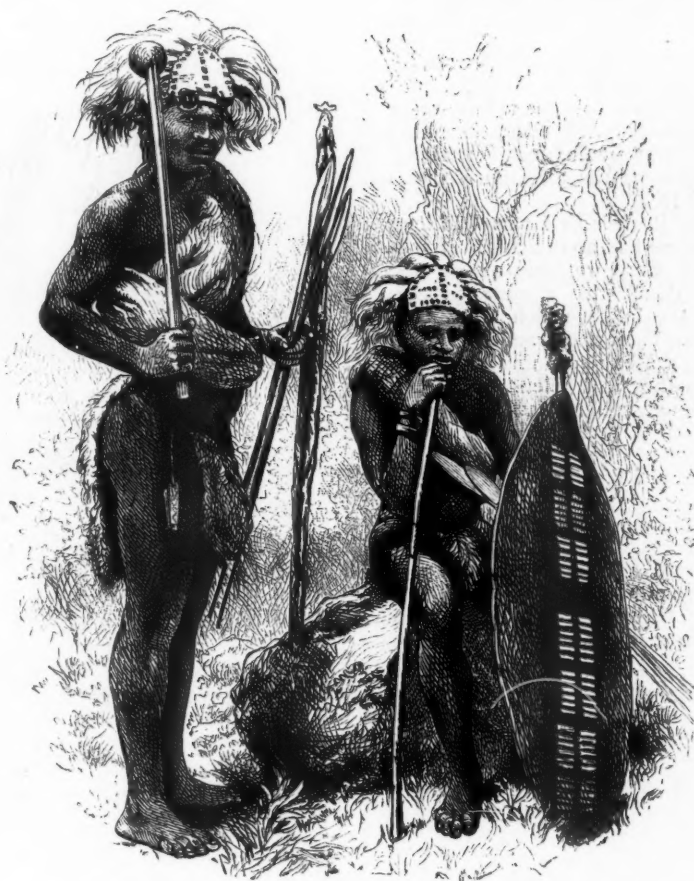
Isandhlwana, better known to the British public as Isandula, is a hill rising abruptly in the above shape, and forming a prominent landmark for miles round. With a look-out party on the peak, the slopes below present an admirable position for a camp, capable of defence against any assault by a foe pursuing the Zulu tactics. The proper name is pronounced easily enough. The second

syllable, "andhl," involves a *half-click*, which can be rendered by compressing the double sound, "santchill," into one syllable. The letter "a" in Zulu is pronounced as in Italian.

What became of the rest of the party I do not know, but N. and myself made straight for the camping-ground. Before reaching this, what a scene presented itself! Waggon of every description in all directions. I counted sixty from one spot, and I dare say there were at least a score more out of sight. Here was an ambulance

then dried. As I pulled, up started a grinning skull, the skeleton was inside the red-coat!

We moved on to another waggon. Here were a number of letters written in French strewed about, which we assumed to belong to Lord C.'s unfortunate cook. The time was too short to delay, as we wanted to see the camp. Riding over the neck below the peak, on the other slope, there it was. The canvas of the tents was gone, with the exception of the "flies," which were still attached to the pegs. Here the human dead were



PRIVATES OF THE FIRST NATAL NATIVE CONTINGENT (BLUE BLANKETS).

waggon with eight mules, which, in their wild career, had hopelessly entangled themselves round a tree, upsetting their load, still in their neat brown harness, all ripped. Not far from these, round another tree, were four or five "mummies." One, a red-coat with the green facings of the ill-fated 24th, had still twenty rounds of ammunition intact, the others were irregulars or camp-followers; they had made a rally at this tree, and were all ripped. Previously to this, I had dismounted; on seeing the first red-coat I caught hold of it to look at the buttons. It was quite stiff, as if saturated with something glutinous and

all removed and buried, but the carcasses of the horses were still lying tied to the picquet-rope, and oxen in their gear attached to those waggons that were near the camp, ripped. This is the customary way of treating the bodies, both of beasts and men, and has its origin in superstitious ideas. The contents of the camp remained, but tumbled topsy-turvy: portmanteaux, camp-beds and equipage, bags, clothes, cleaning-things, boots, and brushes—brushes everywhere. When it is remembered that each soldier carries in his pack his boot, clothes, and button-brushes, it will account for this feature of the scene before us. Then,

strewn throughout were the well-made Henri-Martini rifle ammunition-boxes, broken open in the roughest way, and tins and tins of potted provisions, all stabbed; Bibles, prayer and other books, playing-cards, and numbers of letters sprinkled over the whole.

It was impossible, even in our hurried inspection, not to catch glimpses of objects which one cared not to pry into. I mean such as addresses to "beloved sons," "darling husbands," "brothers," etc., suggesting the anxiety of the writers, and the endeavour to believe the beloved ones had written truly that "it was only a summer campaign, 'a walk over,' they were quite well, and would soon meet again."

Tearing, as a memento, the last leaf from an order-book, dated the eve of the disaster, probably the last words written by some orderly-room clerk, we left the fated camp. We had traced the site of the different corps by the documents lying about, and now struck for the direction we imagined Fugitive Drift to lie in.

The patrol and the Rorke's Drift party had long ago disappeared, but we had no difficulty in tracking our way; once more we were among the "mummies." No doubt this ripping process tended to preserve the bodies which I have described as mummies. Their appearance was dark, like those of Egypt, the hair retaining almost its natural colour. As they had fallen, so they lay, arms and legs stiffened in their last attitude, so well preserved and *dried*, that the dropped jaws alone presented a ghastly appearance. It was a sad thought that they had fallen in a race for dear life.

Most of these were camp-followers and drivers, mingled with our own Natal natives, distinguished by the red puggaree; the redcoats had been buried, wherever found. At first we thought of identifying some of the Europeans, but our time was too short. I wrote down "Bueé, apparently a doctor," from a paper in his pocket, which, greasy and stained, I put under my saddle-flap; then "Cuthbert, a Royal Sapper;" but when we had examined some others, and found only tobacco, to identify them as smoke-loving Afrianders, we gave up our original intention of bringing away relics on the chance of being able to deliver them to their friends. Suffice it now to say, we traced our way *by the mummies*. Here a solitary one, here and there a group who had rallied, and so, along all those miles to the river. There was a ravine on the left, which, no doubt, some stragglers had made for, but we had not time to explore it; in parts the ground was very bad, morass and boulder; what must it have been in the rainy season! Ascending a slope, I picked up some letters belonging to a cavalry officer on special service, who had escaped, one, an Oxford boatbuilder's bill, unreceipted!

We had now arrived at the precipitous bank above Fugitive's Drift; *what a rush there must have been here!* I do not often dismount, and my horse was surefooted, but here I did, for it was no use galling his withers and knocking his legs to pieces. Some little way down, turning round a boulder of about twelve feet high and almost

perpendicular, we came upon other signs of the fallen. Here, close by where a small wooden cross marked the rough grave of Stuart Smith, R.A., lay a horse and rider, his foot still in the stirrup, pulled a little on one side for the often-mentioned Zulu *coup de grâce*. Phew! in his wild career he must have gone clean over the boulder! his horse's neck broken, and he, stunned, in a crumpled mass against the brushwood. At length we reached the bottom, going along a fairish bank, where were more groups hidden in the *bush*,



A ZULU WARRIOR.

and vainly essayed a ford. Hailing some natives on the other side, evidently stragglers from the commanding officer's burying party, we let them take our horses, crossing ourselves from boulder to boulder. Even at this time, with the river shallow, the current was strong, and there were deep holes; at the time of the action it must have been a raging torrent. A little way up the opposite bank, already a stone cross marked the resting-place of Coghill and Melville, showing that the intrepid Zulus, like sleuth-hounds, had pursued their prey even beyond this goal of supposed safety. In these waters many were washed away.

Following the Natal bank on high ground, a comparatively easy country brought us at dusk, deeply impressed by all we had seen, again to the camp.

In the disaster of Isandhlwana there was probably a more complete clearing out of non-com-

batants than had ever been before; *all fell*. I have never seen reason to alter the statement I made to my men at the time, nor can I forget how, in face of the appalling news, they stuck to their colours.

I was then commanding at Kranz Kop 1st Natal Native Contingent; a detachment of the corps was in the action (one officer, twelve non-commissioned officers, and eighty natives fell). On receiving the news I formed up in square, and said, "Part of our army has been eaten up; the Zulus came in great force; our people did not expect them to fight so well, went out in detachments, were surrounded, and eaten up in detail," or to that effect. I then told them our losses, and that the enemy had suffered heavily, reminding them of my promise always to tell them everything, good or bad. I added, "The Queen must win in the end, and she will send plenty more white soldiers; your officers and sergeants will stick to their colours;" pointing to the crown on their banner, "You, my children, I also look upon as brave soldiers of the Queen, but I like you to *express* your confidence." After a pause, the native officers, who had talked to the men, said, "We will follow you to the Drift at once." I replied, "I must wait for my orders; in the meantime give three cheers for the Queen." And more hearty cheers than those which followed I never heard.

This treating the natives with confidence, and impressing on *them* confidence in the power of the Queen, that while her majesty hated war, she had called them out in defence of their own hearths, had a splendid result. While the other native battalions were decimated by desertion, the force there, isolated, and close to the border, were true to their colours, and free from the "scares" which prevailed over the colony.

I think no impartial judge can throw blame on Lord Chelmsford for the disaster. The plan of campaign had been laid out with as great care as those for Abyssinia or Ashantee. The general feeling was that the major-general was over cautious. Bets had been freely made that not more than five white men would be killed in any action. The preliminary skirmish with Sirayo possibly made him think that those who said the Zulus would never attack in the open, nor by daylight, and would confine themselves to the bush-fighting of the old colony, had some reason. Correspondents described actions there in this style: "Hot work! Fifty of the enemy killed. One man of ours bruised by a fall from his horse!" It was probably thoughts like these that kept him from enforcing his orders about fortifying the camp. When he left with his reconnoitring party he ordered it to be defended. The Zulus appear to have gone out in three columns, the whole under command of Mantyan.* At this the two other commanders remonstrated with Cetewayo, for Mantyan, having been in Natal, was supposed to be tainted; but he was firm. They then dissembled and persuaded Mantyan that

their enemy was on their right. If Mantyan went that way they would go round and drive him in. Then they advanced their horns well to their left. This manoeuvre, though not intended to have that effect, caused Lord Chelmsford to start from the camp with his reconnoitring column. Meanwhile the Zulu horns pressed forward, keen to wash their spears, attacked the camp, and then either one or portions of both swept on to Rorke's Drift. On the British side, Lord Chelmsford's column moved warily on. Once an artillery officer turned his guns back, hearing firing in the camp, but was requested by an *aide-de-camp* to follow the general. Again a mounted Volunteer officer remarked that the camp was being attacked, but was ordered to look after his own men—and *business*. The unsuspecting column proceeded, feeling for Mantyan. Too late, the "bad news travelled fast."

Wearied and hungry, they returned to—*what a scene!* It was dark when they bivouacked on the fatal ground. Everything looted, and wherever you trod disembowelled comrades. Even those who to the last believed in the fighting qualities of the Zulus never anticipated the total defeat of so well-organised a force. The shock was fearful! Poor P., an old Marlburian, looking forward after this "mild campaign to settle down on his Yorkshire property, having had enough of soldiering," with all his 24th slain. His orders were to defend the camp. Durnford, coming up with his native cavalry and Russell's rocket battery, galled at his column being broken up, brave and eager, assumed command. Thinking the Zulus were retreating, that so fair a chance for a charge might not recur, and perhaps, as a sensitive, brave man, smarting under the recollection of unjust sneers at his inaction on a former occasion, ordered an advance. Here appears to have occurred a difference of opinion with the disciplined old "liner" about his orders. Durnford dashed on, and was at once enveloped by the fatal horns of the Zulu army. It is supposed that an attempt to support him involved the 24th in the same fate. Certainly, had they rallied round the ammunition waggons they might have succeeded in the defence, as a smaller party subsequently did at Rorke's Drift. A Zulu relates that the last stand he saw in the camp was by a few red-coats round some band instruments; they had fixed bayonets, and formed a rallying square. As long as ammunition lasted they remained unbroken, the officers using their revolvers. Even then the Zulus could not break these shoulder-to-shoulder men, and, contrary to their usual tactics, only succeeded in doing so by throwing their assegais. Captain G., who raised a troop of horse, mentions that the last soldier killed was one who managed to get into a cranny in the hill, and shot several Zulus before a volley ended his career. This from a Zulu combatant.

Mantyan's force, which naturally was the chest of the army, appears to have fought later in the day, when the fatal horns had encircled what they believed to be the whole British force, and had penetrated beyond.

That dreadful night passed, and in the grey

* The account I give of the Zulu disposition of attack is from native narrations.

dawn of morning the order was given to continue the retreat. The British force moved off before it was light enough to discern all the horrors of the scene. Not a shot was allowed to be fired, and the exhausted and dispirited Zulu forces, astonished at the long line of waggons and troops, moved sullenly off. Here appears the mistake. Would not a Cæsar or a Napoleon have grasped the situation, harangued his men, defeated the enemy, and fortified near the spot? The defeat of the previous day would have enhanced the glories of the victory. On the other side, it may be urged that the force with Lord Chelmsford were tired, dispirited, and short of reserve ammunition; that the whole of the southern border was undefended, a smouldering rebellion hardly quenched there, the successful defence of Rorke's Drift as yet unknown, and grave doubts existing as to the effect

on our Natal native population of the rumours of the disaster.

But there is little doubt that an attack *en masse* would have completely routed the foe and recovered the spoil. The Zulus had no idea of their victory; they had lost heavily both at the camp and at Rorke's Drift, where they were disheartened by their repulse, nor had they any idea of the existence of Lord Chelmsford's force. While the fact of their having rifles made them think they were on a par with the Queen's troops, their fire is so wild that this advantage only added to their *morale*. It was the dashing assegai charge that constituted their strength. That they thought they were completely trapped by this unknown force we since know, while some exclaimed, "The men we have slain have risen from the dead!"

THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

OF all the charming papers in Addison's "Spectator" there are none more frequently quoted, or so commonly read, as those relating to Sir Roger de Coverley—a type of the old English gentleman, as recognised at the beginning of the last century. The picture is beautifully drawn, and is as graphic as the paintings of Sir David Wilkie, who was in art what Addison was in literature. One can see the knight in his quaint old family mansion down in the country, sheltered by stately elms and oaks, walking in his garden, talking with his humble neighbours, entertaining wealthy friends in the hospitable dining-hall, and on Sunday worshipping in the parish church. The following little bit, so well known, is exquisite: "As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir until Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel, between a double row of his tenants that stood bowing to him on each side; and every now and then he inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church, which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent." This passage brings before us the landlord of bygone days in relation to his tenants and labourers, and shows the reverence with which he was treated by dependents and inferiors, and with what dignified demeanour and far penetrating shrewdness he would converse with them all round. He was proud of his ancestry, managed his household with a fatherly care, was particular in his choice of a chaplain, whom he selected chiefly on social grounds, and was a great fox-hunter.

A visit to the assizes is sketched, after the style of a caricature, so as to throw light on manners and customs long since passed away:

"I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend, Sir Roger, was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three

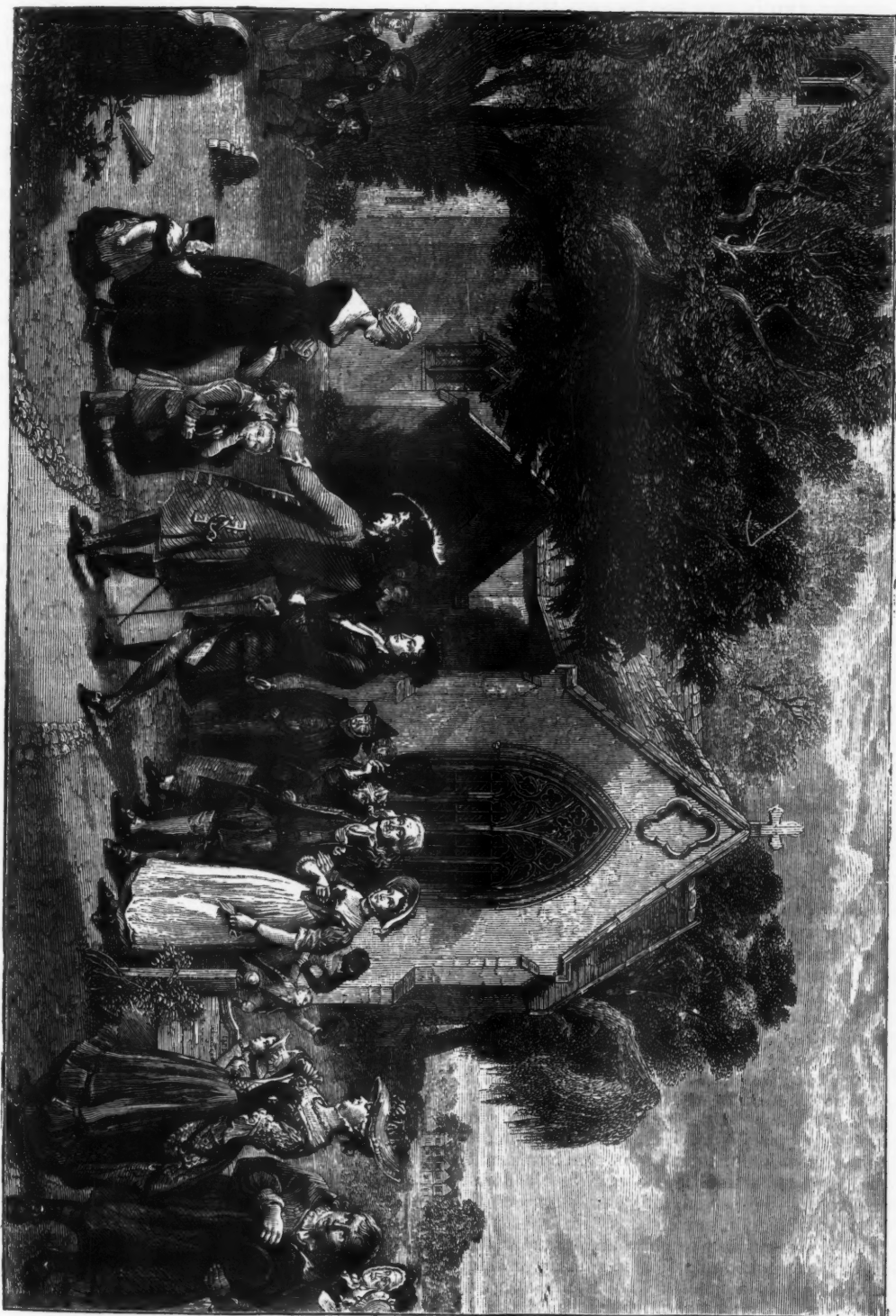
sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity. Upon his first rising the Court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it, and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the Court as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country."

Of course Sir Roger was a man for the landed interests, giving precedence to the rustic squire over the city merchant, however rich, and showing himself "a much stronger Tory in the country than in town," as "absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest." In London we find him pacing up and down Gray's Inn walk, then a pleasant place for a stroll and a gossip, chatting with the Spectator, and then off to his coffee-house.

The country gentleman of Queen Anne's days is thus struck off with a few bold and skilful strokes of the literary pencil, and we discover not only the excellencies, but the weaknesses of his character, to use no stronger term. The social type, of which this is a capital representative, has too frequently had humiliating shadows amidst its brilliant lights. As it regards convivial entertainments, gambling, and other pleasures, happily, in our day, a different beau ideal obtains than that which flitted before the imagination and found substance in the homes and haunts of our ancestors.*

The well-known picture of Mr. C. R. Leslie, which we reproduce, quaintly presents this type of another century.

* "Just two miles from Netheravon (on the borders of Salisbury Plain) is the humble village where Addison spent the first fifteen years of his life. He went daily to Amesbury School, and it was in his walks to and fro that he gathered the touching imagery for his translation of the 23rd Psalm. Here, too, it was that he found the original of his Sir Roger de Coverley in Richard Duke, of Bulford House, which he daily passed. The Pakingtons claim Sir Roger de Coverley, but Addison is more likely to have taken his ideal from an acquaintance of his youth than from a gentleman who survived him many years."—*Mosley's Reminiscences*.



SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY GOING TO CHURCH,
ACCOMPANIED BY THE SPECTATOR AND SURROUNDED BY HIS TENANTS

[C. R. Lint.]

Washington Irving, who often adopted a style, and painted with colours like his great predecessor in light literature, has, in his "Bracebridge Hall," thrown off a portrait of a similar kind of character:—

"We all know the character which has made the name of an English gentleman famous and respected throughout the world. Quiet in the consciousness of his own strength, self-possessed in the sense of his own dignity, he does not think it necessary to establish a reputation for courage by quarrelling with his neighbours; he makes no display of his grandeur to dazzle the vulgar; simple, unaffected, and straightforward, he is content that he should be judged by his own worth, and not by the standard of the opinions of others; he commands the respect and esteem of those with whom he deals by the quality of his conduct, and not by the loudness of his self-assertion."

A good insight into the homes of the old English gentry is given where Irving tells us:—"I had scarcely dressed myself when a servant appeared to invite me to family prayers. He showed me the way to a small chapel in the old wing of the house, where I found the principal part of the family already assembled in a kind of gallery, furnished with cushions, hassocks, and large prayer-books; the servants were seated on benches below. The old gentleman read prayers from a desk in front of the gallery, and Master Simon acted as clerk, and made the responses, and I must do him the justice to say that he acquitted himself with great gravity and decorum." Irving says that it was once almost universally the case to read Morning Service every Sunday and Saint's Day at the seats of the nobility and gentry; Lord Stanhope, in his "History of England," states that in reference to worship the present has greatly the advantage over the past. "The Lord Lieutenant, and for many former years the representative of one of the Midland shires, has told me, that when he came of age there were only two landed gentlemen in his county who had family prayers, whilst at present, as he believes, there are scarcely two that have not." We can testify to the observance of this laudable custom,—in one instance conducted by the noble master of the household in the entrance-hall—in another by the clerical chaplain in a beautifully decorated private chapel.

As Addison touches on the weaknesses of the old English gentleman, so does Irving, with a light hand however. "During service, Master Simon stood up in the pew and repeated the responses very audibly, evincing that kind of ceremonious devotion punctually observed by a gentleman of the old school and a man of old family connections. I observed, too, that he turned over the leaves of a folio prayer-book with something of a flourish, possibly to show an enormous seal ring which enriched one of his fingers, and which had the look of a family relic. But he was evidently most solicitous about the musical part of the service, keeping his eyes fixed intently on the choir, and beating time with much gesticulation and emphasis." And in another place the same

author describes the squire as standing up conspicuously in his pew, repeating the responses with a loud, self-satisfied voice, as if the object of worship were on his side, and patronised the Government party. The character of the squire at "Bracebridge Hall," our American author and friend, with the keenness of perception peculiar to our transatlantic cousins, thus pleasantly sums up: "The squire is, in fact, a lingering specimen of the old English country gentleman, rusticated a little by living almost entirely on his estate, and something of a humorist, as Englishmen are apt to become when they have an opportunity of living in their own way. I like his hobby passing well, however, which is a bigoted devotion to old English manners and customs. It jumps a little with my own humour, having as yet a lively and unsated curiosity about the ancient and genuine characteristics of my 'fatherland.'"

Our illustrations have hitherto been drawn from the country life of the olden times, as there, no doubt, some obvious and striking traits of the ancient English gentleman flourished in their utmost luxuriance. But the true gentleman is not the growth of circumstances, nor do his best qualities spring from the soil on which he lives; they are the indigenous growth of principles and sentiments embedded in the depth of his nature, and they flower and ripen and bear fruit in a great variety of localities and employments. There were two English gentlemen of the last century—one of them living far into our own times—whose careers were very different from those of the knight described by Addison and the squire portrayed by Irving. We allude to Howard and Wilberforce. The first was really a country gentleman, and well did he fill up that character in his retired home at Cardington, improving his estate and looking after the cottagers, building them comfortable homes and promoting their educational, their domestic, their social, and their religious welfare. But on that good old English stock he engrafted enterprises which have made him the wonder of the world. Prison reforms carried out in his own country, and prison inquiries carried on throughout Europe, and brought to bear on our own criminal population, have given to Howard a name and a fame of transcendent glory, showing what sublime possibilities there are in the life of an English gentleman, and how leisure and resources, too often spent in self-indulgence, may be laid out for the benefit of the world, so as to bring satisfaction to the philanthropist, far richer than mere social pleasures; and also so as to secure the gratitude of unborn thousands. The second, Wilberforce, though not exactly a country gentleman, was heir to a fortune, richly endowed with intellectual gifts, at the same time a friend of the greatest men of his age, and by his polished manners, genial courtesy, and lively wit attracting the attention of royalty, and inspiring a wish for his society beyond what he was disposed to grant. But aspiring to something higher than social indulgence and distinction, he laid himself out for the well-being of his country, for the diffusion of religion, and for the extinction of slavery, with its accursed

accompaniments. No one can read Wilberforce's life without seeing that he was a true gentleman, and that his philanthropy threw around that character a halo incomparably more lustrous than it possesses alone and in itself.

There lately passed from amongst us one who was singled out by an admiring friend, Lord Carnarvon, as a modern typical instance of the kind of personage forming the subject of this paper. "I will deliberately affirm," he says, "that no one was more truly the perfect type and pattern of an English country gentleman than Sir William Heathcote. From the beginning to the end of a long life, extending over almost three generations of men, there was neither variation nor shadow on that blameless reputation. The pupil of Keble, and afterwards the patron of the living in which Keble wrote his 'Christian Year,' carefully trained in all the learning which the Oxford of his day could give, and crowned with the honours which she reserved for her most distinguished sons, one of a group of undergraduates which the names of Derby, Shaftesbury, Halifax, Harrowby, Pusey, Denison, Morpeth, Grey in later years made illustrious, he remained true to the traditions of his early teaching. Long time a county member and intimately acquainted with the subjects and interests which have formed the heritage of English country gentlemen, he was as a chairman of quarter sessions recognised and often appealed to as the very representative and pattern of the class; and when afterwards he accepted the blue riband of Parliamentary representation as member for the University of Oxford, from first to last, through all the waves and weathers of political and personal bitterness, he retained the trust of friend and opponent. So long as he cared to keep that seat, all men desired to keep him. For this was his special characteristic, that in every period and pursuit of life, in the public business of his county, in the House of Commons, in the University, he not only enjoyed respect and affection, but he conciliated the confidence of all.

"It was the unconscious tribute to a whole life and character. For to a remarkable clearness and vigour of intellect he added a fairness of mind, a persuasiveness and courtesy of manner, with an inflexible uprightness of purpose, which won to him friend and stranger alike. I have never known any one who was not bettered by his converse, but I think none outside his own county and society can fully appreciate the remarkable influence which his name and character—in his later years it might be truly said, '*clarum et venerabile nomen*'—exercised on all with whom he was connected. If, indeed, he had a fault, it was that his standard of action was so high, his nature so absolutely above the littleness of ordinary life, that he attributed to inferior men far purer and more unselfish objects than those that really moved them."

Such is the interesting and instructive testimony borne by Lord Carnarvon to one of our contemporaries, worthy of being a model to the young men of this generation; but the noble writer went on to say:—

"He was the highest product of a class and school of thought which is fast disappearing, and

which will, perhaps, find few representatives in the next generation. With change of times comes also change of men; and the statesmen and politicians of the new world, whatever their merits or demerits, will probably be of a very different order from him of whom I am writing. The old University culture, the fastidious taste, the independence of thought, the union of political life with country associations—bound up as they were in this case by a rare intelligence and a moderation of mind, which trimmed with an almost judicial impartiality the balance of thought on all matters submitted to him—are not a combination to be easily found in any age or society; but it may be safely predicted that they will be even less common in the coming age than they were in the generation of which Sir William Heathcote was a representative and ornament."

These remarks may apply to that particular class of gentlemen sprung from a distinguished ancestry, enjoying the advantages of an Oxford education, and sharing in the intercourse of refined society; but the true *generic* gentleman, if we may so speak, does not belong exclusively to any rank of life, any circle of society. He may be found in the city as well as the country; in the counting-house as well as the study; certainly in the Christian ministry no less than in the British Parliament. Commonly the gentleman and the parvenu are exhibited in contrast, and, if by the parvenu we mean the man full of self-assertion, craving for applause, envious of his neighbour's wealth and luxuries, profuse in display, lavish in decoration, the contrast is just, and ought to be insisted upon. But it is a great mistake to suppose that if by the parvenu be meant a man who has risen from the ranks, who is of humble parentage, unaccustomed to refinement in early life, and having some of those defects not usually found in connection with high breeding, he is to be regarded as the opposite of a gentleman. No one who thinks for a moment on the subject can fall into such an error. The traits of what we may call *gentlemanhood* are both natural and acquired. What forms the base of them, may be sometimes found in the humblest ranks. We remember a man sixty years ago who lived in an old hospital of our native city, and who won the recognition and admiration of all who knew him as one of nature's gentlemen. At this distance of time we distinctly see him before us—tall in stature, with a bald head, a few grey locks falling over his shoulders, a handsome face, an erect gait, a courtly demeanour. He sat in the House of God a pattern of unaffected and thoughtful devotion, for marked personal religion shed its influence over his life. He wore the dress of the hospital, a long coarse coat of dark blue, but he looked every inch of him a gentleman, and conversation with him served to deepen the impression made by the first glance at his appearance. In such persons there are seeds sown by the hand of God, which, under favourable circumstances, produce characters of the highest rank when their humble origin is forgotten, or remembered only to demonstrate the merits of the possessor.

Nor are the acquired habits of the gentleman

only within the reach of those who have passed through a public school and through one of our universities. The advantage of an early liberal education, with its well-known accompaniments, will not be depreciated by those deprived of them, if by dint of meaner helps, and mainly by self-education, they have risen to lofty places in the social world; but success in attaining such elevation proves that the advantage referred to is not essential to the character of a gentleman. The "all-round" qualities of the old type are possible in others, and in modern forms are attainable by humbler means; and the thoughtful youth who strives to be at school, and amongst his companions, and in the daily occupations of life, not the prim sycophant, not the proud upstart, but the true gentleman, a noble, honourable, courteous Christian man, is on his way to future posts of usefulness, which, if they do not make his name celebrated, will win the love of many and secure the blessing of God.

There have ever been different phases of gentlemanliness and ever will. We go back to the seventeenth century, and in the best of the Cavaliers and the so-called Roundheads we recognise varieties of the general order. Lord Falkland and John Hampden are examples; and turning to the ranks of the clergy, the Anglican and the Puritan afford similar comparisons. What a beautiful Christian gentleman was George Herbert, in "the good and more pleasant than healthful parsonage of Bemerton, which is a mile from Salisbury," who would take "a poor old woman" by the hand, and make her sit down by him, and understanding she was of his parish, he told her "he would be acquainted with her and take her into his care." This was true Christian politeness, not confined to the rich, but extended to the poor. And also what a beautiful Christian gentleman was John Howe, first in his parish of Great Torrington, next in Cromwell's Court at Whitehall, and lastly, through all the humiliations he had to endure, as an ejected clergyman. "He was," says his last and best biographer, "frank, yet not rash, and cautious, yet free from suspicion. In his deportment he knew how to conciliate elevation of character with the gentlest condescension and the acutest sensibility. Dignified, but not austere, he was grave without moroseness, and cheerful without levity."

Dr. Barrow has a sermon upon "Industry in our particular calling as Gentlemen." He notices what he styles "the passable notion and definition, what is a gentleman but his pleasures;" adding, "if this be true, if a gentleman be nothing else but this, then truly he is a sad piece, the most inconsiderable, the most despicable, the most pitiable and wretched creature in the world!"

That once "passable notion," we hope, is now disappearing, for it is one of the best signs of the times that property and position are held not only to have their rights, but their duties and responsibilities as well. No one nowadays can be the gentleman who is not disposed to act as one. The life of a gentleman is recognised as a calling, with its corresponding social obligations. "He is God's steward, entrusted with God's substance for

the sustenance and supply of God's family; to relieve his fellow-servants in their need, upon seasonable occasions, by hospitality, mercy, and charitable beneficence." Barrow enforces the duty of kindness to strangers by the example of "those noble gentlemen Abraham and Lot," and the maintenance of peace "whereto the reader hath that brave gentleman Moses recommended as a pattern," and the promotion of his country's welfare and prosperity, "in which practice the sacred history doth propound divers gallant gentlemen, Joseph, Moses, Samuel, Nehemiah, Daniel, Mordecai, and all such renowned patriots to guide him." He also "should be a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness by his words and works before a profane world." We do not usually regard these Old Testament worthies under the idea of gentlemen, and yet really they were so in the best sense. And as to dignity of deportment and courteousness of behaviour, and a general grace of manner, we were particularly struck with illustrations of these qualities in some of the Oriental sheiks we met with when travelling through the Desert and the Holy Land many years ago. One, in particular, we met with, whom we could not help comparing as a gentleman with the patriarch Abraham. The true gentleman is at once ancient and universal.

In conclusion, Barrow presents the great Example and Pattern for all times, specially in regard to living a life of active beneficence. "He was heir of all things; He had a retinue of angels to wait on him and minister to him. Whatever sufficiency any man can fancy to himself to dispense with his taking pains, that he had in a far higher degree. Yet did He find work for himself, and continually was employed in performing service to God and imparting benefits to man. Nor was ever industry exercised upon earth comparable to His." What a lesson for those who inherit the rank and wealth of old English gentlemen! What a study for all who aim at exemplifying the best qualities of that popular character! "Gentlemen, therefore, would do well to make Him the pattern of their life, to whose industry they must be beholden for their salvation, in order whereto we recommend them to His grace."

Universities Mission to Central Africa.—The mission was set on foot in 1869 at the instigation of Dr. Livingstone, and looks chiefly to the Universities for its supply of clergy. At the present time it has three great centres of operation—Zanzibar, the Usambara country north of Zanzibar, and the Rovuma district—and altogether about 1,000 natives are now under its care. The mission has turned the old slave market at Zanzibar into a centre of Christian teaching, and a church mission-house and school now occupy a spot where 30,000 slaves were annually sold. During 1881, 180 released slaves were received and placed under instruction, with the view of restoring them to their country as Christians. On the mainland a chain of stations from the seacoast to Lake Nyassa has been formed along the chief slave routes, one of which is a village of 200 persons, who have been brought back from Zanzibar, and thus restored to their own country. The income for the mission for 1881 had been £11,000. There are employed 34 European missionaries and 26 native evangelists, one of whom is in deacon's orders. A present of a peal of 25 bells for Christ Church, Zanzibar, was given as a farewell testimonial to Bishop Steere.

NOTES ON THE EASTERN CITIES AND MUSEUMS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY AGNES CRANE.

III.

THE Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard University—to use its formal title, for it is more generally known as the “Agassiz Museum”—is near the college halls in the quiet and elm-shaded city of Cambridge. Once three miles from Boston, Cambridge now joins it, and is reached in half an hour by one of the horse-car routes which traverse Boston proper and all its suburbs. The museum stands in a large open space, and presents a plain façade of red brick pierced by many small square windows. Founded twenty years ago, it forms an appropriate and ever-extending monument to the forethought, energy, influence, and devotion to science of that grand old naturalist Louis Agassiz. More than three hundred thousand dollars were contributed to the Agassiz Memorial Fund, and as the revenue therefrom and other sources increases, additions are made to the original structure. A third section, affording better and much-needed library and lecture-hall and exhibition space, as well as an aquarium, is now nearly completed, in uniformity with the first; a matter of regret, as the exhibition rooms, small, low, and ill-lighted, are more adapted for the preservation than effective exhibition of specimens.

Professor Alexander Agassiz, the present chief and curator, is an excellent administrator and man of business, as well as a naturalist devoted to original research. The famous Heckla copper mines of the Lake Superior region are a source of that wealth which the elder naturalist could never spare time to accumulate, much of which is lavished on the museum, the completion of which, in accordance with his father's views and the progress of science, is the chief aim of his life. His special researches on the embryological development of fishes lead him occasionally to conclusions opposed to much previously formulated as dogmas of ichthyological science, for Alexander Agassiz is a disciple of that Evolutional School of which Louis Agassiz was a staunch opponent to the last. Memoirs on the flat-fishes—showing their development from a two-sided vertical swimming stage—and on that of the highly reptilian bony pike of North America, illustrating its passage from a lamprey-like sucking-disc stage, are the most interesting of recent contributions to science. Sea-urchins are his favourite study, and he has completed a memoir on those dredged by the “Challenger Expedition,” intrusted to him for description.

On our second visit to Harvard he kindly showed us over the new wing, which is practically fire-proof, massive iron doors shutting off each gallery. The floors are encased in cement, and the cases composed of the least inflammable kinds

of wood. All precautions very necessary, as the vast and rather gloomy cellars contain highly inflammable materials in the shape of what is probably the largest alcoholic collection of mammals, fishes, reptiles, and invertebrates in the world. There thousands of specimens are stowed away in bottles, each labelled with the name of its contents and arranged in allied groups in cupboards with glass doors. In padlocked zinc tanks of cavernous proportions huge sharks and rays repose in their alcoholic medium. Rare organisms from the uttermost ends of the earth and depths of the oceans are stored in prodigal profusion, the collections being increased by purchase and exchanges. But the uses of this apparent superabundance are soon realised when the method of classification and exhibition is taken into consideration.

On the first floor the unique “synoptic room” forms a complete introduction to the study of zoology. Here are displayed all animal types, from the lowest invertebrate to the highest organism, man. Each type, whether star-fish, crustacean, or mollusc, is so mounted, dissected, and labelled that its structure can be learned and compared with those of the living forms nearest allied. Extinct representatives of each family are ranged alongside, showing its continuity through past epochs. Those mixed groups, whose systematic position evade strict definition, such as the mantle-breathing molluscs (*Brachiopoda*) and moss-animals (*Bryozoa*), by some considered as allied to the lower mollusca, and by others relegated to the worm family, are by a clever arrangement of the table-cases placed midway between the two classes, so that observers can link them on in the zoological gradation wherever their sympathies incline. Here also the student becomes familiar not only with the differences of structure which distinguish one type from another, but also by what forms each type has been represented in the various life-epochs of the past. This synoptic room is at present unique, but it has long been Professor Owen's desire to reproduce its most instructive features in the index-room of the spacious entrance-hall of the National Natural History Museum at South Kensington—an intention now being carried out.

The rooms on the second storey of the museum are devoted to the systematic collections of each zoological sub-kingdom. Here the advanced student or specialist will find ample material for study. The specimens of the mammals are, as usual, ill stuffed, taxidermy being apparently an unacquired art in the United States. But those in the fish and reptile rooms are beautifully mounted in alcohol, in their natural attitudes, with

all their colours preserved, and differ widely from the hideous objects generally exhibited in spirits in other museums. This department is under the exclusive care of Mr. S. Garman, who, as a naturalist of practical experience as a collector, knows much of the life-habits of many of the specimens which, in his capacity of museum assistant, he subsequently mounts and exhibits with such good effect.

Having proceeded from the study of types in the synoptic room to that of the genera and species of any particular sub-order in the systematic collections, the student, on stepping into one of the two "fauna rooms" already completed, finds himself surrounded by the animal life of the North and South American continents. European, Indo-Asiatic, Australian, and African rooms will eventually be added, as well as two Oceanic rooms, in which all the organisms dredged from the depths of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans will be exhibited. For these last ample material has accumulated from the various dredging expeditions. When completed—as it bids fair to be—Louis Agassiz's *beau idéal* of a zoological museum will be fully realised. Incomplete as it is now, Harvard Museum, in cleanliness, method, classification, and, above all, in silent teaching power, is in advance of all others. Entering it in a critical spirit, I made my exit therefrom as a crestfallen Briton. It is worked by a comparatively small staff of professors and assistants, among which are lady secretaries and librarian.

In the north-west corner of the spacious grounds stands the handsome building of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology, presented to the University by its founder, Mr. George Peabody, who gave 150,000 dols. for its erection and maintenance, with a view to the preservation of the remains of the ancient civilisations of the American continent, and to promote the study of archaeology. Surrounded by all the evidences of bygone and successive stages of civilised humanity that it contains, it is no wonder that the curator and Harvard professor of archaeology, Professor W. P. Putnam, should have a firm faith in the existence of man in the Pliocene epoch hitherto unproven by direct trace. Here the metal and stone ages of the North American Indians are well illustrated, and the artistic tastes, wealth, and civilisation of their predecessors of the mound-building epoch, who, so fortunately for archaeologists, buried their household goods with their dead. Thus we see the kinds of corn they cultivated, the instruments by which they bruised it, and the form in which it was baked; the garments and nets they wove and coloured, one showing the rudimentary stage of the plait at the waist, and the graceful pottery they moulded, some of which was ornamented with a pattern like the Greek "fret." These agricultural people ranged over half the states and territories, and their mounds have been abandoned at least a thousand years. One remarkable fragment of pottery of undetermined age shows a figure of the square-shouldered Assyrian bass-relief type, and suggests the thought that America may have been the original home of the human race, and that civilisation came not

from the East, but from the West. The collections illustrating the life-habits of the more showy ancient races of Mexico—their altars, sacrificial weapons, and musical instruments of sun-dried mud, not at all unlike those terra cotta forms still used by the musical mountaineers of the Apennines—are very extensive. Models of the pueblos of the present Mexican Indians, and of the rock cities, with some of those mysterious rock inscriptions which, like most hieroglyphics, are susceptible of very diverse interpretations; relics innumerable of the ancient inhabitants of Nicaragua and Peru, showing that false hair is a very old institution, some long plaits being perfectly preserved; and extensive series of European archaeological prehistoric ages,—complete this most interesting museum.

Newhaven, the "Cambridge" of Connecticut, on the highway from Boston to New York, is reached either by steamers, the Shore Line railroad, or *viâ* the Boston and Albany road as far as Springfield, and thence by way of Hartford, the State capital, through the fertile valley of the Connecticut river. In this region the famous fossil footprints occur in the Triassic sandstones, the subject of so many lively discussions. The Boston station of the "Shore Line route," which runs along the coast of Massachusetts Bay and Long Island Sound, is a very fine building, with a covered central promenade and spacious waiting-rooms and nurseries for ladies and children. The track traverses Rhode Island, the smallest state in the Union, and not at all a productive one, rocks and stones alternating with damp cedar swamps, rank undergrowth and lagoons giving a good idea of the physical conditions of the coal-forming period. But not a wild fowl was to be seen, though it was just the locality for them. The general absence of bird life is very striking, never even a crow sailing the air—one sees more birds during a day's walk in England than in a week's journey by rail in the United States. It seems fortunate that Connecticut citizens are clever inventors, and that manufactures thrive both in that state and Rhode Island, for it is evident that nothing but minerals can be extracted from the soil thereof, on the coast line, at any rate.

At New London, a busy and prosperous port, the cars were transported *en bloc* on a ferry boat over the Thames, the passengers either lunching in the saloon or enjoying a whiff from the Atlantic on deck. It is on this river that the annual race between the Harvard and Yale crews takes place. Whilst at Newhaven the Yale eight breakfasted at the next table to us; they were stalwart fellows, the stroke an amicable looking giant over six feet; evidently heavy weights are not despised in boating circles at Yale. The students all wear funny little round hats of white felt, and are not troubled by gowns. One morning they lined the streets, and cheered shrilly as Barnum's great show went by, an amazing procession, winding up with a score of elephants and camels, and an organ played by steam. Here we stayed at the Newhaven House, old-fashioned, quiet, and comfortable, near the museum and college halls, and frequented by students and professors.

The Peabody Museum of Yale College—happy hunting-ground for the fossil anatomist—is another of the many monuments of the beneficent and wise liberality of its philanthropic founder, Mr. George Peabody. In 1865 he gave 150,000 dols. for the erection on a site to be given by the college authorities of an institution to be devoted to mineralogical, zoological, geological, and archæological science. Thirty thousand dollars of this trust fund were to be set apart for expenses of maintenance, 20,000 as an accumulative building fund. The remainder increased by investments to 176,000, was expended in 1874 on the erection and fitting up of one wing of a handsome edifice built of red brick with stone facings. It is fireproof and admirably lighted and ventilated throughout, especially in the lofty and spacious basement used as workshops and for the storage of the vast accumulations of geological treasures. The first floor is occupied by a lecture-room, and the mineralogical collections admirably displayed in projecting side-wall cases divided by plate-glass sections which reflect instead of intercept the light like the ordinary wooden backs. It is rich in meteorites, and minute and rare mineral specimens are fixed under lenses in the table-cases, while copies of Dana's "Manual of Mineralogy," whose classification is adopted, are attached to desks, so that students can solve doubts and difficulties on the spot. Professor Brush, President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at the Cincinnati Meeting, is mineralogical curator. The second floor is devoted to the incomparable collection of fossil vertebrates and that of the invertebrates, with studios and laboratory accommodation for the geological curator, Professor O. C. Marsh. Above the zoological and osteological collections are displayed, the latter having been created by Professor Marsh as a necessary adjunct for the right interpretation of the "old bones" with which he grapples so successfully. The collection of corals is very fine, also that of mollusca, the shells being all prettily mounted on pins stuck into tablets—a method which permits one to examine all sides at once. Here are preserved in spirits the arms of some of those gigantic squids and cuttle-fishes which frequent the coast of Newfoundland. Professor Verrill, the curator of zoology, has described a species of squid from actual measurement as having arms thirty feet long, the large suckers being one inch in diameter; a restoration modelled in exact proportions gives one a very good idea of one of these formidable creatures. On the fourth and attic floor are stored the archæological collections from Central America and Europe, already in excess of available space for exhibition.

In addition to the name of George Peabody, that of his nephew, Professor O. C. Marsh, M.A., F.G.S., will always be inseparably connected with Yale Museum as one who has extended its influence beyond academic precincts, brought it into relation with the outer world, and made it of late years the centre of interest in geological circles. He planned, led, or directed those remarkable fossil-hunting expeditions to the Rocky Mountains and Western Territories, the records of

which read like a romance, whether he is smoking the pipe of peace with "Red Cloud," "Rocky Bear," and their brother chieftains, or watching his wily friends when they betray a disposition to act treacherously as guides. On that occasion he escaped in the night with all his camp equipage, and small escort of cavalry, and marched to the desired spot in the weird desolation of the Bad Lands of Dakota, hundreds of miles away from a base of supplies at Cheyenne on the Union Pacific Road. Then he set to work at disinterring the bulky fossils; and, in spite of Arctic cold and snowstorms, which covered up the heaps of bones as they had been accumulated, and camp alarms by night, the Yale professor led his small and adventurous band back to Cheyenne with his treasures, just twenty-four hours before the Indians on the "war-path" swept the country in search of the gold-seekers, as they were supposed to be, a class justly hated by the red men, as the discovery of the precious metal on their reservation generally serves as a pretext for the "whites" to move the Indians on to another.

A hard rider and a good shot, *en personnel*, Professor Marsh is of middle height, with a robust, well-knit frame and massive head. Ruddy, and of a fair countenance, he has blue eyes, which often twinkle humorously, and "is bearded like a pard," and altogether more English-looking than most Americans. In 1877 he was awarded the first Bigsby Medal from the Geological Society of London, which by the will of its founder, the



*I remain,
yours very truly
O. C. Marsh*

kindly Dr. Bigsby, who laboured so successfully as a geologist on the American continent, "must

be awarded every other year as an acknowledgment of eminent services in any department of geology, irrespective of the receiver's country, but he must not be more than forty-five years of age."

It is to method and thoroughness, coupled with that capacity for hard work which has been defined as genius, that the success of Professor Marsh's scientific labours is largely due. Witness the following pithy extracts from the printed instructions issued to all his collectors in the field.

"The best way to find fossils is to go over the ground on foot slowly and carefully. Haste makes waste in collecting, as the best specimens may be easily overlooked. . . . The more valuable the fossil the more rock should be left to protect it. Better send 100 pounds of rock than leave a tool mark on a good specimen. Get all the bones of every good specimen; if it takes a week to get them out. The absence of a single tooth or toe-bone may greatly lessen the value of a skeleton." This is followed by minute instructions as to packing, directing, invoice, and transport.

On arriving at Yale they are examined, numbered in red ink, entered into catalogues, with all particulars as to formation, locality, and collector. During the expeditionary periods specimens sometimes came in at the rate of a ton a week, and the "cry is still they come," as detached collectors are at work in various quarters. Most days a small tin box comes by express, the heavier freight by rail, the railroad authorities, to their honour be it said, forwarding all such free of freight charges in the interest of science, and granting the professor honorary passes.

As all the Yale collections have been accumulated under the direction and at the expense of Professor Marsh, it is not difficult to understand his desire to be their chief historian. It would be obviously useless to publish even partial descriptions before the whole material relating to the subject had been examined and compared with that of allied groups. But any novel and incontrovertible facts are published at once, followed by fuller family and generic details; and lastly the Memoir, giving the whole history of the class, family, genera, and species under notice, is issued in a magnificently illustrated folio. The first of these "Memoirs of the Peabody Museum of Yale," dealing with the history of the Odontornithes, or birds with teeth, was issued in 1880, and is remarkable for its typographical excellencies and beauty of illustration even among the many noteworthy publications of the American Government. A second treating of the Dinocerate Mammals is now in the press, and others are in an active state of preparation. Once methodically monographed, the specimens for the first time become available for public exhibition.

The number of specimens at present exhibited is not great, but each has a history, and many are absolutely unique. The absence of articulated skeletons and restorations is noteworthy, the detached bones lying in silent significance in their natural relationship. In the first table-case the remains of the birds with teeth are framed in the fine yellow chalk, the soft matrix which so effec-

tually preserved them. No imagination is required for the restoration of the entire skeleton of these strange denizens of the chalk ocean at a period when the tops of the Rocky Mountains were only just emerging from its depths. For the leg bones, the flat, ridgeless breast and jaws, set with small teeth of a truly reptilian character, are as cleanly picked, and almost as fresh-looking, as those of any thanksgiving turkey. Next to this carnivorous swimming ostrich, the wingless *Hesperornis* and its large-winged diving contemporary, with fish-like bi-concave vertebrae (*Ichthyornis*), comes a fair instalment of the big wingless land birds so recently become extinct in New Zealand, for the sake of comparison. Beyond is the interesting series of the fore limb (wrist) bones of the equine race, from which Professor Marsh traced the genealogy of the horse from the diminutive five-toed and four-toed Eocene genera through the three-toed Miocene forms up to the Pliocene donkey-sized species, and the recent one-toed representative, called by the Indians, "the beast with one finger-nail." This species became extinct in the Pliocene period, through some unknown cause, and was reintroduced by the Spaniards on to the American continent—really the original home of the race. Then comes a perfect six-fingered paddle of a swimming toothless reptile (*Sauranodon natans*), the American representative of the fish-lizard type (*Ichthyosaurus*) so very common in European seas of the Liassic period, followed by a fine series of the fishes and plant remains illustrating the botany and zoology of the State of Wyoming in the Green River formation of Middle Eocene age.

Immediately opposite to the toothed birds from Kansas, a wing-fingered reptile, from the Jurassic of Europe, reposes after its journey across the Atlantic; it is the only specimen in which the volant membranes attached to the elongated wing-finger are preserved. Its discovery created considerable sensation in Europe. Various museum authorities sent for photographs and inquired its price, but Professor Marsh, then occupied in working out the structure of allied forms from the American chalk, lost no time in preliminaries, cabled to a German friend, "Buy the pterodactyle," and thus at once secured it for Yale Museum, to which he subsequently presented it. Its acquisition has enabled him to give a restoration of these ungainly aerial monsters—the first founded on actual facts. The thin smooth, and bat-like membrane is attached along the edge of the elongated fifth, or little finger, here the longest, and peculiarly modified for its support. The membranes, darker-coloured than the fine-grained matrix of Solenhofen slate, are slightly contracted, as though partially folded when entombed. The rudimentary first digit, or thumb, supports a small accessory membrane of the fore arm. The second, third, and fourth are free, and armed with claws. Another volant membrane, springing from the sixteen terminal vertebrae of the tail, and supported by the equivalents of chevron bones and neural spines, formed the rudder, or aerial steering apparatus. This peculiar leaf like appendage suggested the specific name

of *phyllurus*. *Ramphorynchus phyllurus*—to use its full title—is a fine example of the toothed, long-tailed division of the flying lizards, which are singularly enough represented in the American cretaceous by giant forms, with short tails, and devoid of teeth, the last representatives of their race. Professor Marsh has portions of the remains of over six hundred individuals, many of which were of great size, having the shoulder-girdle peculiarly strengthened to support wings having a spread of from fifteen up to twenty-five feet. The scythe-bladed jaws of these formidable pteranodons, awaiting description in the Yale cellars, range from three up to six feet in length.

But the wealth of Yale lies chiefly in the abundance of land and marine reptiles from the Wealden and Cretaceous deposits of the West. There are some wonderfully perfect specimens of the great serpentine Mosasauroid reptiles, which show that these lengthy creatures had fully-developed hind limbs, and were covered with scutes. Portions of sixteen hundred individuals have been quarried from the chalk of the Western Territories, yet these very fossils occur but sparsely in Europe, the richest museums having rarely more than one good specimen. The bulky land forms are even more impressive and awe-inspiring, though many were harmless vegetable-feeding dragons of the olden time. Imagine an animal, sixty feet long, with a thigh-bone seven feet long—the same bone from a large specimen of recent crocodile lying on it for comparison, bearing the same relative proportion as a giant's little finger to his whole body. Fortunately the bones were solid throughout, and the fore limbs were much shorter. *Atlantosaurus* (which was only cousin-german to the *Iguanodon*, described by Mantell, from the Weald of Kent) walked in a semi-erect position, chiefly on its hind limbs alone. In another colossal genus, one of the cervical vertebra—usually the smaller—is three feet six inches across; so, with tendons, flesh, and hide, the neck must have been five feet at least in width. This animal (*Apatosaurus*) is computed to have been fifty feet long. A complete pelvis and hind limb and foot of the truly "thundering lizard" (*Brontosaurus*) lies in state on the floor, one detached vertebra being a good load for a horse. The pelvis and hind limbs of these bulky bird and lizard-footed reptiles have much structural affinity with those of the ostrich and its allies, the largest of living land birds. The "plated lizard" (*Stegosaurus*) was a shorter, robust, solid-boned, herbivorous creature, possibly of aquatic habits. It was covered with turtle-like massive plates, and armed with long spines, some of which, broken into hundreds of fragments in extraction from the solid rock, have been pieced together with considerable ingenuity in the museum workshops. This animal had the smallest cerebral brain-case of any known land animal, but it possessed a second and posterior brain-case—a large nerve cavity in the first and second haunch vertebra—a feature absolutely without parallel. It was thirty feet long, its nearest ally being that "broad-plated" *Omosaurus* described by Owen from the English Kimmeridge, one of the rarities

of South Kensington. All these huge reptiles belong to the *Deinosauria*, or "terrible lizards;" some members, no larger than a fox or a cat, however, did not deserve their terrible name. Known to have existed in the Triassic epoch, chiefly from footprints once considered to be those of birds, they were the rulers of the world in the Wealden age. In the gallery at Yale devoted to the invertebrate fossils, a very fine series of these fossil footprints affords evidence that some of the larger species walked on their hind legs, and at the same time proves that the creature that formed them was a reptile, and not a bird, for there are several pairs of footmarks in regular succession, first, the huge impress of the hind feet, farther on, the fainter trace of the small fore limb; and here and there a deep dent, midway between the hind footmarks, shows the spots where the frequently bi-pedal reptile rested on his hind legs and heavy tail.

A series of cabinets in Professor Marsh's sanctum contain the remains, chiefly lower jaws, of the first mammalian animals discovered in the Jurassic rocks of America. They present a mixture of marsupial and insectivorous characters, types now almost exclusively restricted to the Australian continent, as well as much affinity of structure with those from similar geological horizons in Europe. No remains of the mammals which doubtless inhabited the shores of the chalk ocean have as yet been discovered. But the collection from the Tertiary beds of the Rocky Mountain region is a very extensive one, and includes remains of the ancestral rhinoceri, carnivores, camels, pigs, horses, and monkeys, from the study of which Professor Marsh has deduced many important facts and inferences. Furthermore, a vast amount of material awaiting description is preserved in avenues of drawers, a most orderly array in the well-lighted cellars, a walk through which is one of the most astonishing features of the institution.

The treasures of Yale Museum proved so full of attraction that we did not see so much of the pleasant city of Newhaven and its surroundings as was desirable. The School of Art collection contains Trumbull's original portrait of Washington, and views of Rocky Mountain scenery by recent artists. All the streets are shaded with trees of truly magnificent growth, which arch in aisles of verdure overhead. Viewed from a height, the "city of elms" is almost invisible in summer, so thickly is it embowered in foliage. In Hillhouse Avenue, which contains many fine residences, Professor Marsh has erected his "wigwam" in beautiful grounds sloping down to the bay. It is built of brown Connecticut sandstone. Though called a wigwam, it is a mansion of noble size and proportions, and enriched with many treasures of art as well as of science, spoils of the chase, and with every appliance of domestic comfort and luxury. Altogether the "wigwam" is a charming residence, and one that is very characteristic of the practical, scientific, and artistic temperament of its designer and owner, "the chief of the bone hunters," a typical representative of the hardy race of scientist-explorers of America.

AGNES CRANE.

THE KINGS OF LAUGHTER.

BY THE REV. E. FAKTON HOOD.

VIII.—THE SAD SIDE OF THE HUMORIST'S LIFE.

THERE is a wonderful affinity between the things of sorrow and the things of laughter, and mad merriment is sometimes, and often, at no great distance from the saddest fellowship with human tears.

It is Thomas Hood, one of the Kings of Laughter, who has so truly said,

"All things are touched with melancholy,
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
To feel her fair ethereal wings
Weighed down with vile degraded dust.
Even the bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust,
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
Whose fragrance ends in must.
Oh, give her then her tribute just,
Her sighs and tears and musings holy;
There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
There's not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in melancholy."

A sad story chequers the life of almost every great humorist. We do not know much of Shakespeare, but probably a few hints from what is known would remind us that his life was not always one of the happiest. Cervantes, called by some chief of all the humorists, what an inspiration was his! for years a poor Algerine slave. At one time he was pleasantly sentenced by the Dey of Algiers to receive two thousand strokes of the bastinado; and when this sentence was pronounced upon him, he was the spectator of the impaling of three of his fellow-countrymen, who had attempted their escape; afterwards he was for long months in prison, bound with heavy chains. Such was the father of Sancho Panza, and the inimitable world-renowned humours of Don Quixote; wounded and bruised, limbs and life all jeopardised; and when he returns to his own country, and sets up the profession of author, he has scarcely a more gracious course and career in the abuse and persecution of his countrymen. Such was the life of the great humorist, Cervantes. The life of Rabelais would probably reveal a career of pain and disappointment. And Laurence Sterne—what a "Sentimental Journey" was his career! what a shadowing of gloom and sadness round the whole! Little avails the brilliancy of a saloon in Paris, or a banqueting-table in London; he kept the world of his day laughing; but it was a sad life, and a sad heart, from the beginning to the close, when the footman of the Duke of Buccleuch entered his lodgings, and room of death, with a message of inquiry, only just in time to see the last; the wasted arm raised as if to ward off something, the voice exclaiming, "Now it's come!" and

the frame falling back, after those last words, stiffening into the rigidity of death. It is sad to think of "poor Yorick;" his golden sleeve-links stolen by his landlady immediately on his death; his bed untended by a single friend; scarce a friend, of all his great friends, to follow him to his grave; no bell rung for his funeral; and his body no sooner in the ground than torn from it by "resurrection" men, and stretched upon the dissecting-table. Such was the end of all those Shandean flights of humour.

So, we say, has it been with most of the greater children of laughter. Who has not entered tenderly into the pathetic story of Oliver Goldsmith! Here and there emerge a few, like Sydney Smith in England, or Washington Irving or Wendell Holmes in America; but in such cases we do not forget that what seems the comfortable in circumstance is not therefore exempted from sorrow in soul. Washington Irving, perhaps, may especially illustrate this. That profounder humour which cheerfully and rejoicingly teaches and heals the heart, or that laughter which indignantly scathes, as in Swift or Heine, seems to be especially a-twin with the gloom which saddens. In a word, there seems to be a sad side to every humorist's life. Even Thackeray, who attained during his life to such honour, fame, eminence, and wealth—is there not in all his greater works the low minor wail as of a heart in pain? Nor is it wonderful that it should be so, when we remember the long and painful illness of his wife, whom he very tenderly loved, and with whom, before the great affliction fell on him, and on her, he passed some happy years. Was he thinking of those happy days when he wrote "The humblest painter, be he ever so poor, may have a friend watching at his easel, or a gentle wife sitting by with her work in her lap, and with fond smiles, or talk, or silence, cheering his labours"? He was certainly thinking of early times when in one of his ballads he beautifully says,

"Ah, me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone:
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me;
There's no one now to share my cup."

And in one of the "Roundabout Papers" he says: "I own, for my part, that, in reading pages which this hand penned formerly, I often lose sight of the text under my eyes. It is not the words I see, but that past day, that by-gone page of life's history, that tragedy-comedy, it may be,

which our little home-company was enacting, that merry-making which we shared, that funeral which we followed, that bitter, bitter grief which we buried." Thus it is that in all these masters of laughter the merriment seems distilled from the salt and bitter tears of grief.

There is no character in our English literature exactly like Charles Lamb; we have no humorist of so subtle, and pensive, and refined an order. His griefs make him most venerable to us. His frailties—we cannot excuse them, but we press our fingers on our lips when they are mentioned to us. We will not hear them spoken of but with awe and with fear. His laughter is very solemn to us, it has a melancholy cadence; it is even like an ancient masque set to a solemn music.

Charles Lamb, the poor East India clerk, with his thin, shivering, timid-looking frame and features, was a hero. He gave himself no heroic airs, he affected nothing, and he spoke in no heroic tones; but he had a soul which could sustain itself in good convictions in spite of circumstances. This it is to be a hero. Those of us who have read that big, but somewhat unprofitable book, the "Life of Moore," may remember he sneers at Lamb. They met two or three times, but there could be but little affinity with each other. How could there be? If there were a *footman* among poets, Thomas Moore was the man. He was not a poet-laureate, but what we may rather call a poet lord mayor. He had an amazing love for the Mansion House, and the lace and the gold chain, and especially the turtle soup. We do not think a man in our age, with any genius, could at all match him for the large capacity of appetite he had for these pleasant things. That literary exquisite, who could never dine comfortably unless he dined at least with a lord, mentions that once upon an occasion he condescended to what he called "a singular company"—in fact, Rogers, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Charles Lamb! Certainly we should also say, and not with a sneer, a singular company! Charles Lamb was, he says, "a clever fellow, certainly; and his sister, the poor woman who went mad with him in the diligence on his way to Paris," etc. These are the words in which Moore alludes to one of the most touching stories of human sorrow. It is a sad, sad story; Lamb's sister, in a fit of insanity, killed their mother. The father was a poor, infirm, bed-ridden man. After the tragedy Charles lived for his family. He consecrated himself to become henceforth through life the protector of his sister; and he fulfilled the vow. By-and-bye his father died. Until this took place the release of the sister from the asylum where she was placed was impossible. Even then her other brother opposed her discharge, and there was some terror lest the parish authorities might institute proceedings, placing her life at the disposal of the crown. But Charles came to her deliverance; he satisfied all parties who had power to oppose her release by his solemn engagement that he would take her under his care for life. He faithfully kept his word. She left the asylum and took up her abode for life with her brother. His income then was little

more than £100 a year; he was about twenty-two years of age; so they set forth together on their journey, his companion thus endeared to him by the strange calamity. Moreover, love has not been thought an easy thing to overcome. He had been, with all the tenderness of his nature, passionately attached to a young lady residing among the "pleasant Islington fields." Our readers will not call him a dreaming poet—will they?—when we tell them that he renounced all those hopes? There were woods not far from Islington then it seems, and the foolish fellow frequented these "shades that mocked his step with many a wandering glade," and wrote sonnets to the past, and so on. We think, reader, you will not judge him very harshly; perhaps you will even think with us, that there were nobility and martyrdom in this. In those days he tried to appropriate to himself the language of John Woodman—"Small treasure, to a resigned mind, is sufficient. How happy it is to be content with a little; to live in humility, and feel that in us which breathes out this language, 'Abba, Father.'" And again, Charles Lamb says: "I am recovering, God be praised for it. A healthiness of mind, something like calmness; but I want more religion. I am jealous of human helps and leaning-places; but we should rather pray that discipline may attend us through the whole of our lives. A careless and a dissolute spirit has advanced upon me with large strides; pray God that my present afflictions may be sanctified to me!" He says yet again, "It is a great object with me to live near town, where we shall be much more private, and to quit a house and neighbourhood where poor Mary's disorder, so frequently recurring, has made us a sort of marked people. We can be nowhere private except in the midst of London." He speaks of a visit paid to Oxford particularly gratifying to him, but he says, "It was to a family where I could not take Mary with me, and I am afraid there is something of dishonesty in any pleasures I take without her." Coleridge had been desirous to receive her into his house, but Lamb replied: "I consider her as perpetually on the brink of madness. I think you would almost make her dance on within an inch of the precipice; she must be with duller fancies and cooler intellects. I know a young man of this description who has suited her these twenty years, and may do so still, if we are one day restored to each other." We have quoted these passages from Lamb's letters because they illustrate the sweet tenderness of that gentle nature; and so, from twenty to sixty, the brother and sister went forth together.

A genial and gentle soul, his humour is of the best order of humour; it does not deal, like that of Jean Paul, in the magnificences of the universe: he does not play at bowls and skittles with sun, moon, and stars, and, casting his bright and vivid eye about, sketch the relation of all worlds and kingdoms to each other. Of all modern writers, Lamb writes most in the spirit of the old men—the Fullers and Earles—and a continual pleasantries runs through his pages and his thoughts. Perhaps, had he not been tied to his perpetual desk, he might have entertained the world with bright

himings like those of Washington Irving, for to him he bears no slight resemblance. He walks about London and before our eyes like one of the men of the seventeenth century. And how easy it is to perceive that all his humour was the veil hung over a heart at bottom very sad. The tragedy of his family, which compelled him to be the husband and father as well as brother to his sister, saddened, beyond all question, his whole life. He wandered through the world a wifeless, childless man, with a soul brim full of all the best loves and dearest sympathies; there was in him the sense of an incompleteness of nature. Charles Lamb is a fine confirmation of the thought with which we started, that tears and smiles, merriment and sadness, are very near neighbours to each other. What a passive melancholy mingles with the humour of his "Dream Children!" Who can read his beautiful essay, "Modern Gallantry," and not wish that he, of all men, had been married? No doubt there was ever present to him an unhappy void. Amidst the joy and beauty of his household hearth, how often fell the shadow of a most profound and touching sorrow? Desolation of heart and of home! How could that fail to make him a sad and suffering man? while the sense that he was bravely and nobly performing a duty—that, for no sin of his own, he was cut off from the delights of wife and child—would prevent the indulgence in any other than the melancholy of a serious nature without the misanthropy of a severe one. No harsh reflections fall upon the crimes of his fellows, or the vanities of the world. He shows, indeed, a perception of the failings of others, a memory of his own, and a perpetual struggling with them. There is no bold breathing forth of imagination; there is no pungent snappishness of wit; but the equable flow of a quiet, submissive, ever-contented nature—a nature that would have been contented with any earthly state had not the sense of duties, seldom by man to be performed, limited the ambitions of life. Had Lamb been married to a worldly wife he could scarcely have written: "There is a monotony in the affections which people living together, or as we do now (himself and sister), very frequently seeing each other, are apt to give in to—a sort of indifference in the expression of kindness for each other, which demands that we should sometimes call to our aid the trickery of surprise." Very sweet and pleasant sometimes in married life is "the trickery of surprise," but, in the true married state, this expression of kindness never becomes a matter of indifference.

Thus in innumerable instances laughter is related to melancholy, and is the turbulent rush of the waters of grief. Laughter is by no means the mere overflow of a spirit full of fun, the clatter of a heart whose joys are too large and too abounding. We do not speak now of those sudden juxtapositions of thought, of idea, and of pictures which are the life of the table, of company, and of society, but rather of those continued efforts of wit, those deep-vistaed paintings, those long-continued satiric or ironic cartoons which are the heritage of ages. The depths from which the waters of wit and humour are drawn, determine

the measure of the grief which is their chief inspiration. Perhaps it is the experience of many readers that in those moments or hours when in company they have abandoned themselves most readily to the impulses of the time, when their words have delighted most, they have been but just liberated from confinement and toil, perhaps from the pressure of some great grief; for what a superficial estimate that reveals of character, that common one which pronounces a verdict of heartlessness, it may be, on those whose domestic sorrows have recently elicited sympathy, but who come into society apparently with all the wit and freshness and humour of undisturbed enjoyment. So have we seen the recently-stricken and smitten and afflicted amazing the listeners with the lively and well-told tale, the witty repartee, the merry joke and satire, and we have heard the expressions of gladness from some, and from others expressions of anger at the wonderful coldness such life exhibited. Alas! neither one nor the other appeared to guess that it was unconscious hypocrisy, that it was the picture of the poor bark floating out of its dark haven of despair, or rather of the love-begone heart shrieking out in unintelligible tones the accents of its own aching and desolation. We may depend upon it whenever we are amazed by a great inconsistency we are near to a great grief.

Grief and wrath have been the two great prompters by the ink-horns of the Kings of Laughter. But wrath has been the child of grief in most cases. Grief is tender and compassionate; its woes and sorrows have never altered the colour or the course of its blood. The grief of life is what we see in Cervantes, in Tiëck, in Richter, in Lamb, in Dickens. Wrath is harsh, and grating, and untender; its blood boils along, black and choleric. The wrath of life is what we see in Rabelais, in Voltaire, in Swift, but the spring still is grief, sorrow, and disappointment.

It is true there seem to be illustrations of an opposite character. Sydney Smith would not appear to have encountered many of the griefs of life, and his witticisms are a constant succession of mere *jeux d'esprit*; they are pretty rainbow-tinted foam-bells on the waters of life. And while it is impossible not to admire their brilliancy and their point, it is only the prejudice of friendship that can draw any parallel between him and many of his contemporaries, while to a name like that of Lamb there is not the most remote approach. It is also true that Sydney Smith approached more nearly to a wit than a humorist. He attacked the world's follies rather by satire than by banter; yet let us not be ungrateful, he lived to a purpose, and he employed his great and lively powers to advance the interests and the well-being of humanity. Macaulay speaks of him as the nearest to Swift since the days of Swift, but that comparison must have reference rather to his selection of subjects, to the fact of his being a political satirist, than to any likeness in the width and range of power. Smith describes well his own writings when he speaks of them as "sparrow shot;" but Swift's wit, when he opened it, was like the opening of a whole battery of artillery.

Thus the wit of Sydney Smith seems to belong especially to that order which we should denominate *funny*. There is no indication that to him life was grievous, perplexing, full of mystery and pain. At an advanced age he says, "Looking back on my past life, I find that all my miseries proceed from indigestion." He was ever writing or saying queer things, many of which seem scarcely worth preserving. Once, when expecting some preferment, he writes, "The Bishop of — has the rancour to recover after three paralytic strokes, and the Dean of — to be vigorous at eighty-two. And yet these men call themselves Christians!" Writing of his table-talk, he disclaims its persistency, but says, "I talk a little sometimes, and it used to be an amusement amongst the servants at the Archbishop of York's to snatch away my plate when I began talking; so I got a habit of holding it with one hand when so engaged, and dining at single anchor." He was indeed a most amusing person. Nothing disgusted him like an oratorio. "How absurd," he says, "to see five hundred persons fiddling like madmen about the Israelites in the Red Sea. Lord Morpeth pretends to say he was pleased, but I see a great change in him since that music meeting." He also hated all theatricals, public or private. Such was Sydney Smith. He never knew the grief of life, but his laughter was a perpetual hilarious triumph. He was a supreme and wonderful joker of jokes; he knew nothing of doubt or disappointment, of hunger or cold, of despair or death; there is perhaps not an intense nerve or ache in any line he ever wrote or uttered; but he does not contradict, he confirms the theory that deepest, wisest laughter is a-twin to melancholy. And Balzac, in his garret, living upon a diet which would have starved an Edinburgh reviewer, and Molière's wasted and hungry heart, weeping over his wicked and faithless wife, whom he nevertheless sought to the close to succour and to shield; and Heinrich Heine, his aerial and spiritlike humour and sarcasm, born and nurtured amidst every kind and variety of abject affliction and nervous pain—all bring the theory of these remarks into vivid light.

Or what of Thomas Hood, who so long kept all England laughing from year to year with his nimble-footed verse, which, it has been truly said, could run, leap, trot, gallop, and also kick? Poverty and pain dogged his footsteps through life, and the fell pursuer, Care, was ever behind him on his gaunt steed. Oppressed by disease, and trouble, and pain, no doubt this wonderful Yorick, this man of infinite and many-coloured and textured humour, often realised in himself his lines—

"Oh, bed! oh, bed! delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to the weary head;
But a place that, to name, would be ill-bred,
To the head with a wakeful trouble.
'Tis held by such a different lease!
To one, a place of comfort and peace,
All stuffed with the down of stubble-geese,
To another, with only the stubble.

To one, a perfect halcyon nest,
All calm, and balmy, and quiet, and rest,
And soft as fur of the cony;
To another, so restless for body and head,
That the bed seems borrowed from nettle-bed,
And the pillow from Stratford the Stony.

And, oh! when the blessed diurnal light
Is quenched by the providential night,
To render our slumber more certain;
Pity, pity, the wretches that weep,
For they must be wretched who cannot sleep
When God Himself draws the curtain!

The careful Betty the pillow beats,
And airs the blankets, and smooths the sheets,
And gives the mattress a shaking;
But vainly Betty performs her part,
If a ruffled head, and a rumpled heart,
As well as the couch, want making."

Now how affecting are these lines when read with the story of the closing scene,—the last lines that fell from his pen,—

"O'er the earth there comes a bloom,
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold;
I smell the rose above the mould."

Then his dying prayer for his persecutors, "Remember, Jane, I forgive all—*all*,"—then the hard and difficult breathing, while his wife, bending over him, heard him say, "O Lord! say Arise, take up thy cross and follow Me;" and then the last long sleep of one of the most imperial wits our language can boast.

Relics of the Great War.—A Peninsular heroine, Jean Gunn, died lately in Edinburgh, in her ninety-ninth year. Jean accompanied her husband, a private, who served with his regiment, the 79th Highlanders, in most of the Peninsular campaigns. She was present with him at the siege of Badajos, and also at the battles of Fuentes d'Onor, Salamanca, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, and Toulouse. At the last-named engagement her husband was three times wounded, having rejoined his company after his wounds had been twice dressed. On the third occasion Mrs. Gunn carried her husband off the field on her back. She also assisted in dressing other wounded soldiers, and is said to have been taken notice of by the Duke of Wellington. There is in Glasgow poorhouse a man named MacLeod, who is said to be 106 years old. His grandfather is said to have died at a still greater age. He himself was born on board the Drednought, and his father was killed on the same ship and hour with Lord Nelson. MacLeod was in the whole of the Peninsular campaigns, and had five brothers killed on the field. One of the "firing party" at the burial of Sir John Moore died this summer.

Short and Sharp.—In consequence of an announcement recently in "The Times" of a revolution in Uruguay, the directors of the Uruguay Railway Company telegraphed and instructed their secretary to make public the reply they received from Montevideo, to the following effect, viz. :—"Revolution finished."

Civilisation.—"I had always thought that the civilisation of Japan was the most wonderful thing in history; but I am now convinced that what the missionaries have done in Terra del Fuego, in civilising the natives, is equally wonderful."—*Charles Darwin in letter to Admiral Sir B. J. Sullivan.*



SHORT-SIGHTED.

ELECTRICITY AND ITS USES.

VII.—THE ELECTRIC LIGHT—(continued).

COMING now to the arc lamps in general use, we shall consider first the Brockie lamp, which is supplied by the British Electric Light Company, and fed by the currents of the Gramme machine. As in most others, the light is supplied by

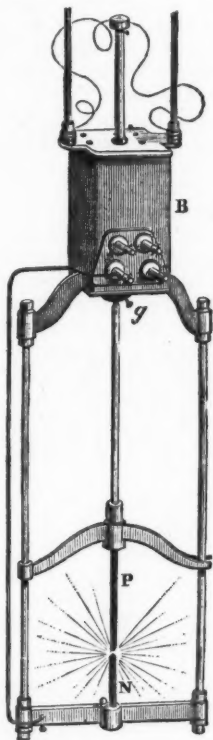


FIG. 4.

two carbon rods (Fig. 4, P, N), one of which (P) is connected to the positively electrified brush of the generator and the other (N) to the negative brush. The positive carbon (P) is torn down or consumed by the current at twice the rate of the negative carbon, and in order to keep the arc practically the same, Mr. Brockie arranges the lamp so that every half minute the positive carbon is instantaneously forced forward. In this way the electric wick is periodically trimmed and screwed up. The action causes a momentary blink of the light, but where several lamps are burning together the flicker is not noticeable in the general effect. The trimming is effected in the following manner. The positive, or upper carbon, is supported by a grip clutch (g), held by an electro-magnet within the box (B), through which part of the main current flows. At intervals of half a minute, however, this by-current is cut off by an automatic key, or "commutator," worked independently, and the clutch being released, the carbon drops down into

contact with the lower one. But this state of things lasts only for an instant. The re-closing of the by-circuit by the commutator enables the electro-magnet once more to draw up the armature, operate the clutch, and draw back the upper carbon to the distance which gives the proper width of arc.

The result is a very steady light, as may be seen at Cannon Street Railway Station or the Crystal Palace.

The Brush lamp, which is fed by the Brush machine, is shown in Fig. 5. Like the Brockie,

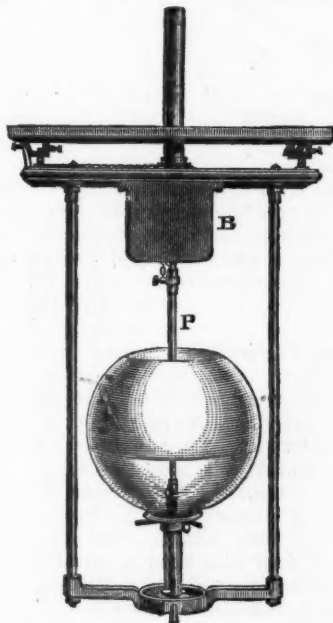


FIG. 5.

it is a clutch lamp, that is to say, the positive or upper carbon (P) is held by a metal clutch actuated by an electro-magnet device excited by the current passing through the carbon and yielding the light. But instead of being regulated by an automatic commutator at regular intervals, it regulates itself whenever there is any need for regulation. The regulating device consists of hollow coil of wire through which the current passes, and thereby attracts a soft iron core into the hollow. This action operates the clutch and supports the upper carbon at the proper distance to establish the arc. But when the arc widens through the waste of carbon, the current gets weaker in the hollow coil and the soft iron core falls away, therein releasing the clutch and allowing the upper carbon to descend by its own weight until the proper width of arc is restored. A piston moving in a well of glycerine serves to soften the descent of

the carbon and graduate the operation of the lamp. All this mechanism is enclosed in the box *n*.

In the Siemens electric lamp, which is fed by the Siemens machine, the regulation is still more perfect and continuous. The current through the carbons is diverted through a *pair* of hollow coils, one of which has a high resistance and serves as a by-path or shunt-circuit to the other. These coils attract soft iron cores connected to the carbon holders, and when the arc becomes too wide the influence of one predominates over the other, and allows the upper carbon to be fed to

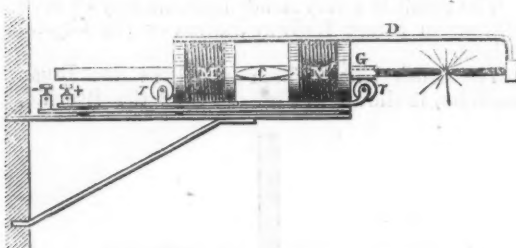


FIG. 6.

the lower. This differential action is, however, best seen in the Pilsen lamp, of Messrs. Rowatt and Fyfe, the horizontal form of which is shown in Fig. 6. Here a spindle-shaped core of soft iron (*c*) is placed between two hollow coils of wire (*M M'*) so that its points enter a little into both coils. The core is fixed inside the metal tube (*G*) which carries the positive carbon, that is the carbon connected to the positive pole of the generator. The negative carbon is carried by a metal rod (*D*) supported on the coils, whilst the positive carbon holder runs on rollers (*r r*). Now the main current passes through the coil (*M*) and the arc, but the coil (*M'*), which is of finer wire than *M* and has a higher resistance, forms a "shunt-circuit" or by-path for the main current, and as the arc becomes wider by the wasting of the carbon, more current flows through it than before. The result is that the attraction of the coil (*M'*) for the core (*c*) becomes greater than before, and when it predominates over the counter-attraction of the coil *M* for the core, the latter moves towards *M'*, and taking the holder (*G*) with it, brings the positive carbon nearer the negative one and shortens the arc to its proper width.

The Jablochkoff candle, previously described in these pages, is chiefly notable because it was the means of giving a great impetus to electric lighting in 1878, when it was introduced into the streets of Paris. It consists of two rods of carbon placed together in an upright position, and united by a partition of plaster of Paris. The current passes up one rod and down the other, making an arc at the top, which gradually burns the rods and plaster down like a candle. There are four candles in the lamp, each burning two hours and a half, and when one is burned down the

current is switched in to the next. This current is not a continuous but an "alternating" current, that is to say, a current which rapidly alternates in direction, being now positive, now negative. The object of having such a current is to make the carbons waste away equally fast, and the candle burn down evenly.

A class of lamp coming between the "arc" and "incandescent" sorts is the semi-incandescent lamp of Regnier and Werdermann. The Joel lamp is an improved form of Werdermann, and consists of a fixed block of copper, on which rests a pencil of carbon. The pencil is grasped by two contact jaws about three-quarters of an inch from the point, and the current entering the pencil by the jaws, and passing to the copper, heats the point white hot, at the same time forming a small arc or bead of light between the point and the copper. As the point consumes slowly away, fresh carbon is brought through by the descent of a weight regulated by an electro-magnet.

The external appearance of the incandescent lamp of Mr. Edison is shown in Fig. 7. It consists of a pear-shaped bulb of glass (*A*) exhausted of air by means of a Sprengel air-pump, and containing a loop of carbon filament, which is supported by two platinum wires sealed through the glass. The carbon is prepared by taking a thin slip from the skin of the bamboo cane and charring it. The junction with the platinum wire is made by an electro-plating of copper. When an electric current of sufficient strength is

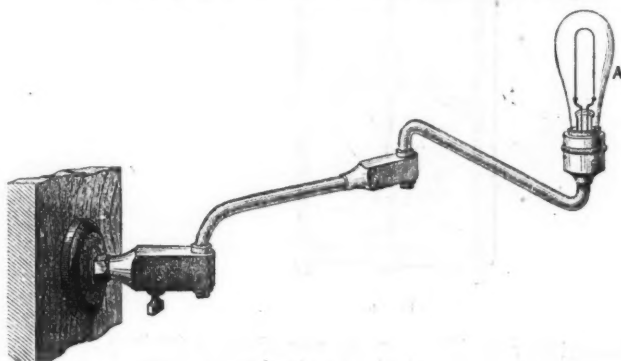


FIG. 7.

sent through the carbon filament it glows with a soft but brilliant light resembling that of a wax taper, but of a power ranging from ten to twenty candles. The absence of the air in the bulb conduces to the durability of the carbon, which cannot burn away, and such a lamp is stated to last from 700 to 1,000 hours. Mr. Swan's lamp is of similar construction, but the filament is prepared from cotton fibre among other things.

The incandescent lamp of Mr. Maxim, another American, is similar to that of Edison in appearance, but in this case the filament is prepared by taking a thin charcoal fibre and depositing carbon upon it from a hydro-carbon gas in the bulb. This is done by passing the current through the fibre until it becomes white hot and decomposes the surrounding gas. When the filament has become properly built up in this way,

the residual gas is exhausted and the lamp is ready for use. The carbon loops, which are made of a double form, are joined to the platinum conductors through the glass by little clamps of platinum. Mr. Lane-Fox has invented a somewhat similar lamp, in which the fibre is a piece of charred bass-broom, on which carbon has been deposited by the process described. It is joined to the platinum wires by a carbonaceous paste or cement; and the globes are sometimes made of opal glass, to screen the eyes from the dazzling brilliance of the glowing loop. The Lane-Fox lamp is fed by the Brush machine. The Maxim lamp is fed by the Maxim generator, which resembles that of Siemens. Edison's lamp is fed from the Edison generator; and there is a fifth incandescent system devised by Mr. Wright, which is fed by the Gramme machine. In this lamp the carbons are joined to the platinum wires by small ferrules of carbon. The Maxim, Lane-Fox, and Wright lamps are constructed to give a higher candle-power than the Edison and Swan because of their thicker carbons. The Maxim lamp gives out thirty candles ordinarily, but it can readily be made to give out fifty without fear of breaking the loop or wick. The Lane-Fox lamp is made to twenty candles, but it will safely yield thirty candles.

There are two ways of arranging electric lamps in order to distribute the current to them. They can be placed one after another in a single circuit or wire connecting the two poles or brushes of the generator, as shown in Fig. 8, where M is the generator or machine, and L L the lamps. In

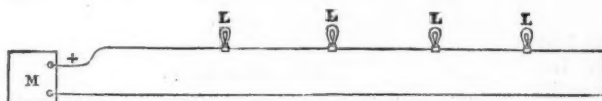


FIG. 8.

this case the current requires to have a high electro-motive force in order to overcome the added resistances of the whole number of lamps. Such a current is supplied by the Brush generator or the peculiar form of Gramme generator employed by Jablochkoff. These are the currents which are dangerous to life and limb unless they are properly insulated; and it is by these that one or two fatal accidents have occurred through negligence. The other way of arranging the lamps is to connect them singly or in little groups by cross wires between two main conductors joined to the brushes of the generator, as shown at L L in Fig. 9. Then the current, instead, of travers-



FIG. 9.

ing one lamp after another, splits up between the lamps, part going through one lamp or group, and part through another. The resistance of any particular path or channel for the current is in such a case not very high, and the electro-motive force of the current need not be dangerously high. It

is on this plan that incandescent lamps are generally arranged for domestic purposes, and the currents flowing in the wires about a house would of course be harmless. These lamps can be mounted on an ordinary chandelier.

The aim of electric lighting companies is to found central stations in different districts of a town, and there manufacture electricity, which would be distributed to all the houses in the district just as gas is now. In order to carry this out properly, a means of storing the electric power is necessary in order that there should be a stock in hand for use by day when the generators were not working, or in case of accident. In the so-called "secondary batteries," or accumulators, of M. Faure, M. Volckmar, and others, we have a means of doing so. The Faure accumulator consists of two lead plates, overlaid with red-lead and sheathed in felt, then rolled up together and plunged in a vessel containing acidulated water. When these two plates are connected to the poles of a generator, electric energy can be pumped into the cell, so to speak, and there magazined. On disconnecting the generator and joining the plates of the cell through a wire or through electric lamps, as the case may be, an electric current is found to flow out of the cell in the reverse direction to that which flowed in from the generator. Volckmar's accumulator is similar to Faure's, but the plates are not simply placed side by side amongst the water, and the red-lead is filled in the form of paste into round holes cast in the metal plates.

Some 60 or 70 per cent. of the energy of the current from the generator can thus be reclaimed at any future time. No doubt this is a considerable loss, but when we remember that the variable power of winds, waves, and waterfalls—which is now utterly wasted—could in this way be utilised, the practical gain is seen to be considerable. Moreover, these accumulators are certain to be improved in course of time, and there is no doubt but they would be very useful at central stations or in houses for yielding a supply of current which would serve for household uses whilst the generators were idle. They also serve to regulate the electric light, as they render the currents from the generator more continuous, and less liable to break the carbon filaments in an incandescent lamp.

The advantages of the electric light over gas are many and various. In gas we are burning a foul distillation from coal, and consuming as well as polluting the air we breathe. Our supply of coal is exhaustible, but our supply of electricity is inexhaustible. In electricity we have a pure ethereal source of light, destined to be the illuminant of the future. The arc lamps, it is true, while they yield a brilliant focus, give off very small traces of deleterious vapours, but arc lights are to be used out of doors, in streets, squares, and as head-lights on ships and locomotives, or as beacon-lights on headlands. The domestic light is the incandescent lamp, and in this we have a brilliant and mellow source which neither

burns, nor taints, nor unduly heats the air. So like sunshine is it that it shows the most delicate colours in a very near approach to their daylight shades; and as wires can be led to places where oil or gas-pipes cannot reach, it is eminently

adapted for decorative purposes. The pictures and hangings of a room are seen to advantage by it, and it can neither tarnish gildings nor blacken paint. Moreover, when it can be supplied at large, the cost will be even less than that of gas.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

GLEANINGS FROM A FARM-HOUSE.

The topics of interest in a farm-house are necessarily different to those which cause conversation in a town household. Putting aside the business talk about crops and farming, which does not among farmers of the better class occupy a greater proportion of home time than the business talk of the professional man or well-to-do tradesman, the ordinary cheerful gossip around the fireside takes its tinge from the surrounding life. Thus animals and birds and their doings, and the incidents of country life, take up a share of attention which partly corresponds with the town or suburban interest in one's neighbours, and of the two topics the country one is certainly the healthiest and best.

The following anecdotes are culled from the evening talk of some relatives with whom I spent a few days lately at their farm in Shropshire.

A ROVING PAIR.

A horse and a donkey on the adjoining farm had struck up an intimate friendship, and were inseparable companions. They used to stray in company, the horse leading the way and removing obstacles, and the donkey following. Their joint expeditions at last became so troublesome that the horse, when not at work, was blindfolded, and thus rendered incapable of taking the lead in their wanderings, and for a time they stayed at home. Before long, however, the donkey discovered that he could remove the bandage with his teeth, and this he regularly did, when the pair would go for a walk as before, and it is an exceedingly difficult matter to keep them apart, or secure them.

THE INVALID CALF AND LAMB.

A neighbouring farmer had a calf which was lame, and soon after its birth he had a little lamb born blind. It was wonderful to see how these two poor animals took to each other. They became fast friends, and would not be separated; the calf leading the lamb about everywhere, and continually caressing it, while the lamb would rub against the legs of the calf, often nearly upsetting it. They even persisted in sleeping together, and when one night they were parted their owner got no rest until they were put together again.

THE CAT AND THE CHICKEN.

One of the cats in the house had kittens about

the same time a very small hatch of chickens was hatched, and the weather being very cold, all died save one, which was brought to the kitchen to be kept warm. We were much amused one Sunday morning on going into the kitchen to find the little chicken cuddled under the cat with her kittens. It was still more amusing to see puss lick her new baby, who did not seem to mind it so long as its feathers were licked the right way down, but when the cat licked them the wrong way the poor little thing vainly objected. One day, when we put the kittens and chicken on the middle of the kitchen floor, puss carried the kittens back into the nest and then returned for the chicken, trying to take it in her mouth, but the chicken would not be carried that way, and fluttered so much that we lifted it into the nest. Puss took care of it for some weeks, when it was unfortunately killed by the dog. The same cat afterwards suckled a little rabbit with her kittens for a day or two, until bunny found its way through the open door and ran away.

THE STARLINGS.

There being no pigeons, the dovecote is quite given up to the birds, and every year several pairs of starlings make their nests in it. Apparently the same birds come each year, and the different pairs are very friendly together. Last year there were four pairs living in the cote, and when they had young ones seven birds would go in search of food, leaving one to take care of all the different families, and this one starling would pop in and out of the nests in a most amusing fashion, evidently keeping all the children in order while their own parents were away. When one bird got tired of being housekeeper another would take its place.

THE HEN AND THE KITTEN.

A cat had kittens, which were all drowned save one, and this one was lost. But first I should say that two small hatches of chickens had been put to one hen (as is the custom in this part of the country), so one hen was thus left without chickens. Well, the cat lost her kitten, which was just old enough to crawl about. Search was made everywhere for the kitten, but it was not found for nearly two days, and the cat was in great distress, and mewed piteously. At last one of the family, on looking for eggs, put her hand under the hen whose chickens had been taken away, and was

surprised to feel something soft. It proved to be the lost kitten, very hungry, but warm and dry.

A FAITHFUL DOG.

A neighbour had a horse and a dog which were much attached to each other. One day the horse was taken ill, but seemed better in the evening, and having been made comfortable was left for the night, the dog being chained up in the next stall. Early in the morning the horse was found dead, and the dog dead also, having hung himself. In attempting to get at the horse, he had jumped the partition between the stalls, and was found hanging by his own chain, quite dead.

THE NURSING GRANDMOTHER CAT.

This cat had not had any kittens of her own for three years, and was supposed to be a very old cat indeed, but she was a very useful cat nevertheless, as she acted the part of nurse to all the kittens born in the house, and these formed a goodly number, for five other cats were kept. This old grandmother took all nursery cares off the shoulders of the younger cats, leaving them free for other duties, such as ratting and poaching. It is a noteworthy fact that the other cats always without any fuss resigned their kittens to her. I am sorry to say that this most useful animal was lately killed in a trap, a horrible death for an animal so tenacious of life as a cat.

THE POACHING CAT.

One cat is a very clever poacher, as scarcely a week passes but she brings a large rabbit to the house, hiding it under a tree in the garden and then making a peculiar noise at the house-door until she attracts attention, when she will immediately run to the tree and bring out the rabbit. She never seems to think of eating it herself.

BOBBIE THE GOSLING.

Bobbie was a pet gosling, and I must tell you how he came to be a pet. Bobbie's mother was a very selfish old goose indeed; she began to sit, but after a fortnight she grew tired of sitting, and preferred roaming about to doing her duty, in addition to which she broke about half of her eggs. On the remaining half a hen was put to hatch them. The old goose highly approved of this proceeding, no doubt, thinking that she would like some goslings without the trouble of hatching them, and so used to pay daily visits to the hen to see how she was getting on. In due course four goslings were hatched, and then the goose did a very shabby trick, she stole them from the hen and very proudly stalked up the yard with them, notwithstanding the indignant protests of the hen. The goose managed to retain possession of the goslings as against the hen, but she was a very careless mother, for she let the rats take three of her young ones, and the one that survived was Bobbie. The young ladies took compassion on Bobbie, and secured him in the house every night

for fear that he, too, might make a supper for the rats, and it was interesting to see the old goose and gander bring him up to the back door every evening, which they did about seven o'clock, at their own bedtime; but Bobbie would not go to bed early, not he, he always stayed up to supper with the servants, and after supper, if the dining-room door were left open, he followed in to prayers, and when the door was closed he waited for them outside. Bobbie was not an early riser, for though his parents always came for him at six in the morning, he often kept them waiting till eight, as he seemed to like having an extra nap after the kitchen fire was lit.

G. C. D.

CANINE INSTINCT.

The nephew of a friend of mine is, I am sorry to say, rather too fond of cigars and pipes. He has an embroidered tobacco-pouch on which he sets great store. This pouch is usually left hung up, when not in use, on a hook in a certain upstairs snugger of his, and when he is downstairs and too lazy to fetch it for himself he has been in the habit of sending his dog for it—the animal having been trained to stand on his hind legs and slip it from the hook and convey it to his master when ordered to do so. Mr. —, going from home for a few days, placed the pouch in a carpet-bag to take with him to the railway. On his return home the bag with the pouch and other articles in it was placed on the floor in a corner of the "snugger" aforesaid, and the owner went to his dinner. After dinner, forgetting that the tobacco-pouch was not in its old place on the hook, but in the bag, which was locked, Mr. — called the dog and, as usual, bade him go upstairs and bring down the pouch. The dog trotted upstairs, but came back in a few moments without the pouch, looking rather guilty and discouraged. Mr. —, thinking that the animal was sulky or forgetful of his well-learned lesson, rebuked him and drove him off again upstairs. The dog went as he was ordered, but sulkily, and again returned without the pouch. This time the master was very angry, and threatened the animal with a whip, so he again ran upstairs and did not return as speedily as before. While the master was puzzling over the delay of the messenger, and meditating on going to look for him, a great bustle was heard on the stairs—a noise as though some heavy object was being dragged or bumped down them with no small effort on the part of somebody. Mr. — went into the hall to see the cause of this, and arrived at the foot of the stairs to meet the dog, which had succeeded in dragging the heavy locked carpet-bag containing the tobacco-pouch, and many other things besides, in triumph to his master, with a look which seemed to say, "I have brought it to you at last, but why did you lock it up here and impose upon me all this unnecessary trouble?" The dog had seen the pouch put into the bag, but had no way of reminding his master of the fact he had forgotten.

A CUNNING RAVEN.

My brother had a pet raven which used to indulge in "uncanny" sounding soliloquies wonderfully resembling a conversation carried on between two human beings at a little distance from the hearers. The bird was as thievish as a magpie. The windows of our breakfast-room looked out on a lawn, and just outside one of them stood an iron chair, like those usually placed in lawns and parks or gardens. The back of the chair was, however, nearly a couple of feet distant from the window-sill, and being high, not quite on a level with it. In summer mornings, from an early hour the windows of the breakfast-room were always open from below, and two or three yards from them within the room stood the breakfast-table and sideboard, on which bread, cold meat, eggs, etc., were placed in readiness for the family and guests to assemble, as they usually did about half-past nine or ten o'clock. More than once the servant in attendance, when he visited the room

about nine o'clock, missed eggs from the sideboard, and could not account for their disappearance. At last, observing near the raven's perch in the yard quite away from the house some suspicious fragments of egg-shells, a watch was set on the bird, and one morning, about 8 a.m., he was seen to walk gravely to the foot of a wall at one side of the lawn, fly to the top, and then walk on to the chair in the front of the house. He climbed on the seat, from there to the back, then on to the window-sill, into the breakfast-room, to the sideboard, and taking up in his beak a good-sized hen-egg, walked back to the window-sill, hopped or flew to the high chair-back, then descended to the seat, on to the ground, across the lawn to the wall, which he surmounted as before, and conveyed his fragile prize unbroken to his perch in the yard, where he broke it and enjoyed the contents. How the bird managed to avoid breaking the egg while conveying it over so many obstacles, over such ups-and-downs, was a marvel.

H.

A VISIT TO THE AUSTRALIAN FROZEN MEAT COMPANY'S WORKS.*

THE Australian newspapers have for some time been describing, and speculating as to the success of, a new and important trade—viz., the supplying of English markets with Australian meat in a frozen condition. The experiment had been already tried, a shipment having been sent home in the s.s. *Strathleven* some two years ago, the results of which were considered sufficiently satisfactory to prove that the scheme was certainly feasible, and that with experience it might be ultimately successful.

The next shipment was sent per the *Protos*, which had been fitted up with refrigerating machinery of the latest and most approved type. The cargo consisted chiefly of mutton, with a small quantity of beef. This consignment also, though not wholly a success, fetched such prices as promised well for the future, when the defects, which were chiefly due to inexperience or carelessness in shipping, should be rectified. The merino mutton was found to be too small and delicate to suit the taste of English buyers, and the dressing of the carcasses did not altogether meet with the approval of the butchers. The experience thus gained has enabled the directors of the company to suit the taste of English purchasers, both in regard to the size and quality, cross-bred mutton only being now used.

The other difficulties that would be likely to injure the trade were: First, the want of storage-room on arrival; and second, want of experience and care in thawing.

As to the first difficulty, Sir James McCulloch left Melbourne for London at the beginning of the year, with the express purpose of procuring storage-room. The result is that now there are at St. Katherine's Docks eleven large refrigerating chambers for the reception of the meat as it comes to hand. Thus they are no longer obliged to force their meat upon the market, and dispose of it at any prices butchers may be willing to give, but can wait until the supply is low, and so obtain better prices.

With regard to the thawing, it was found that the greatest care was required to raise the temperature with extreme caution and regularity, for the tissues of the meat being rendered highly brittle by the intense cold to which they have been subjected, burst if they undergo any violent changes of temperature; thus the juices of the meat escape, and purchasers complain of its dry and tasteless condition.

There are at present two meat freezing companies in Australia, one of which is at Orange, N.S.W., about two hundred miles from Sydney, with which it is connected by the Great Western Railway. The other, the Australian Frozen Meat Company, is in Victoria, the works being situated on the banks of the Saltwater River, some five miles distant from Melbourne.

An opportunity of visiting and inspecting these last-named works having presented itself, we seated ourselves in one of the suburban trains on a hot summer's afternoon in December. Alighting at the Ascot Vale station, the tall smokestacks of the works were to be seen across the valley, about three miles to the westward, and after an hour's walk we passed through the gates, seeing no one, but smelling a great deal. The

* We are indebted to a correspondent at Sydney, J. Ernest Hebditch, for this communication, which has additional interest now that from New Zealand as well as from Australia cargoes of frozen meat have been successfully put upon the London market. The problem seems solved at last, and we only hope that the results may be soon apparent in the supply of good meat at lower prices.

machinery was still, and there was very little sign of life; but at last a conductor was found able and willing to show us the mysteries of the meat freezing process. We had, it seemed, arrived just after a shipment had been dispatched, when everything was quiet. Indeed it was well that it so happened, for on a subsequent visit, when the engine was at work, the noise was so deafening that all information or explanations had to be given more in dumb show than by word of mouth.

The natural law on which the whole process is based is briefly this:—The large amount of latent heat in atmospheric air may be brought to the surface by subjecting it to great compression. If this heat is drawn off, and the air allowed suddenly to expand to its original bulk, its temperature will be lowered to many degrees below zero.

On entering the engine-room we saw two engines, one of which—of English manufacture, on the old fly-wheel principle—was now never used, being superseded by an engine driven by oscillating cylinders, which was built by the Melbourne firm of Robinson and Co. at a cost of £3,000.

There are six cylinders in all; in four of which the air is compressed, and which are consequently hot to the touch; whilst the remaining two are for the reception of the air after its heat has been withdrawn. On the exterior of these the air of the room lies condensed. We were informed that the air in these two cylinders was at a temperature of -30° Fahr.

The air on entering the cylinders is subjected to a pressure of thirty-five lb. to the square inch, whilst a stream of cold water pumped from the depths of the river is continually circulating round them, thus removing the heat. Thence the compressed air is passed to the other cylinders, where, suddenly expanding, the temperature descends to the figure above mentioned.

To render the air perfectly dry, it is then pumped into an air-tight box, where, by filtering it through a preparation of charcoal, the moisture is retained and deposited in the form of snow, whilst the air, being perfectly dry and ready for use, is conducted through shafts to the various freezing chambers.

So much for the active, a word now as to the passive agents.

None but the very best mutton is used for freezing purposes; the average weight of each carcass being about eighty lb. When a flock of sheep arrives, the animals are turned into grass paddocks, and fed for two or three days, till all effects of their journey are removed. None but first-class butchers are employed; and with past experience to profit by, the sheep are slaughtered, and the carcasses dressed in the manner best calculated both to preserve the meat in good condition, and to suit the taste of English buyers.

The carcasses are then hung for twenty-four hours, so that the meat may become tender; and at the end of that time are placed in the freezing chamber in batches of about five hundred at a time. The cold air is then pumped in, and the thermometer gradually descends, till at last it registers the required degree of cold.

So great, however, is the amount of animal

warmth in such a large number of carcasses, that the thermometer begins to rise again, and in about an hour after the closing of the chamber the temperature has risen to some four or five degrees above freezing-point. The fresh supplies of cold air, however, which are continually coming in, overcome and subdue this heat; the temperature again subsides, and is maintained at from 15° to 30° below zero. The freezing process occupies about twenty-four hours, and at the expiration of that time the carcasses are thoroughly frozen, being as hard as iron, and quite impervious to the sharpest knife.

From the freezing chambers the meat is removed to the storage-room, the air of which is kept at a temperature of about 28° , for when once thoroughly frozen, a very few degrees of frost is sufficient to keep it in that condition.

A fresh batch is then put into the freezing chamber, which is in its turn frozen and stored, and so on till the whole shipment is complete.

At the time of our second visit there were about 8,000 carcasses of mutton in the storage-room, part of which—about 4,000—were for shipment in the next ship.

The final stage is from the storage-chamber at Maribyonong to the refrigerating-room of the steamer lying in Hobson's Bay awaiting its cargo, and it is during this transition that the success of the whole undertaking is most endangered; for if the meat becomes at all thawed or softened in transit, the carcasses thus affected, when unshipped in the London Docks, present a most unpalatable appearance, being misshapen and discoloured, and are probably condemned by the inspector as being unfit for food.

The present plan is to convey the meat from the works to the steamers in lighters, but this operation, which necessitates many hours of exposure to the atmospheric air, is very unsatisfactory, even though the removal is affected between sunset and sunrise.

On this account chiefly, the directors have determined to remove their basis of operations from Maribyonong to a site close to the Spottiswoode station on the Williamstown Railway. The meat will thus be easily and speedily removed by rail; and if the Government can be induced to provide refrigerating cars, as has already been suggested, there is no reasonable doubt that the success of the shipments from the Australian Frozen Meat Company's Works will be assured.

Mr. Gardner's Bequest to the Blind.—The annual meeting of the London Society for Teaching the Blind was held recently at Willis's Rooms. Mr. Richardson Gardner, M.P., who presided, remarked that as some contradictory statements had appeared in the newspapers regarding the legacies left by Mr. Gardner, his father-in-law, for the benefit of the blind, it might be interesting that he should state exactly how the matter stood. The amount of the legacy was £300,000, besides £10,000 each to three different institutions, of which this was one. A friendly suit was instituted in Chancery with regard to the £300,000, and a scheme had been propounded by the Court. The interest of the whole sum was about £9,000 a year, which by the scheme was to be divided into thirds—one third to be devoted to musical instruction, one third to instruction in handicrafts, and one third in pensions for those who could not support themselves.

ENGLISH THRIFT: ITS HELPS, HINDRANCES, AND HOPES.

BY THE REV. W. T. BLACKLEY, M.A.

PART III.—HOPES FOR THRIFT.

XIII.—READY-MONEY DEALINGS.

OF hopes for thrift from individual action the habit and discipline of ready-money dealing is the very foremost. While men wait for laws to be changed and general conditions to be altered, they may be doing something for themselves of immediate advantage which lies outside the domain of law, and reaches further than its widest power can do. It is a deplorable but evident fact that, as a rule, the very poorest have to pay, for what they want, the very highest cost of all. The quantity they purchase of most things, beyond their food, are very small, and the proportionate cost of distributing it greater. It needs sixteen times the trouble and time of the shop-keeper to put up a pound of tea in sixteen ounce packets, than to put up the same quantity in one packet of a pound; and the same trouble is equally multiplied in the coming to serve the customer at each transaction, and the entering of it in a book. And this disadvantage to the poor, manifestly unavoidable while he is unable to purchase in larger quantities, and therefore at cheaper rates, in advance of his requirements, is complicated by the fact that, wherever credit is given, interest, in one form or another, must be charged. This is commonly done by raising the general cost of commodities to a sum sufficient to pay not only for the use of the capital invested in the supplies, but also for the bad debts of such customers as never clear off their liabilities.

As a consequence, the poor man who pays his shop account most punctually and honourably, has to pay for the deficiencies of the defaulters, and, in a word, the best has to suffer for the worst.

And he can never escape from this as long as he takes credit at all; nor as long as, having taken credit, he remains a pound in debt. If clear of debt and with a pound or two in his pocket, he can buy much more cheaply than before, since, firstly, he may buy in larger quantity, at lower rate, and at less frequent intervals; and secondly, because the distributor, turning his money at once, instead of waiting for it an indefinite time, can easily afford to allow a fair, and sometimes a large discount to such a buyer from the prices which he charges to his credit-taking customers.

But this of course will never act unless the buyer himself will do two things—firstly, deny himself till he have a little fund of ready-money laid by; and secondly, when he has, insist upon a proper discount for his cash. And as this last may be difficult to obtain, if only one here or there make the demand, it will also be the thrifty man's interest to press his own views upon his

neighbours, and increase the number of those who can justly claim the fair advantage in dealing which their ready-money should command.

XIV.—PROVIDENT DISPENSARIES AS A HOPE OF THRIFT.

It may seem a very far-fetched idea to look for much advance in thriftiness among our people from the extension of the provident dispensary system. And yet the justification of the idea will be readily found when we recall the fact, well known to all thinkers on the subject, that to the vast majority of recipients the obtaining of a parish order for medical attendance is the first step into the realm of actual and habitual pauperism. Of course there is a great deal to be said on the other side; as, for instance, that such relief is a logical necessity of the establishment of our Poor Law, which I will not dispute, though I do dispute the logical necessity of people's trusting to such relief, which is the point of importance in the matter. Nor, again, do I dispute for a moment the frequent impossibility to our poor labouring classes of paying a heavy doctor's bill, or, supposing them to have managed to pay it, the small hope of their emerging for many a day from the ocean of debt which a long sickness may have entailed. But there are means, gradually becoming universally available, whereby the poor working man may, if he choose, not only free himself from the risk of ruin threatened by a costly doctor's bill, but also from the reproach of pauperism, which must accompany his receipt of the relieving officer's order for the attendance of a parish doctor.

And these means are to be found in the joining as contracting members the provident dispensaries now springing up throughout the country.

By a very small annual subscription, the member who joins in a good state of health can secure for himself and his family not only the attendance, without compliment or charity, of a doctor, but that of the doctor, whoever he may be, in whom he has the greatest confidence.

And the importance of this becomes very manifest when we consider the necessary conditions of Poor Law medical relief. A medical man undertakes a Poor Law district—certainly not to make his fortune by the salary, which is generally exceedingly low, but firstly in order to keep rivals out, and secondly in the prospect of being called in by paying patients in the Poor Law district which he undertakes to attend. It is no wonder, therefore, that his pauper patients should often feel, whether with reason or not, that their interests must be postponed to those of people better off,

and that, in fact, the mere fog ends of the doctor's time and attention fall to their share. I speak, of course, of what is in the minds of pauper patients, for the zeal and kindness of very many parish doctors is really as far beyond praise as, considering their condition, it often is beyond belief. Another disadvantage of the "parish-doctor" system is that, whether they have confidence in his skill or the reverse, and whether he be kind or cruel, the pauper-patient feels he has no choice. Paying patients, if they dislike a doctor's manner, distrust his skill, or despise his character, simply call in another. But the pauper-patient must be content with whomsoever the guardians may appoint, and for that very reason are apt to think their doctor incompetent and themselves ill-used.

The provident dispensary system, on the other hand, enables any member, on paying his little monthly subscription, to choose and to change his own doctor at will, and this possibility tends, of course, to secure more sedulous attention from the physician, while at once fostering and rewarding the independent spirit of the patient.

XV.—PROFIT-SHARING.

Few matters of more interest in a social sense have been brought before the public of late years than the details of the system of profit-sharing, established with such remarkable success in France by Leclaire, the head of a great Parisian firm of house painters and decorators. I have no doubt the firm was made specially great by the manner in which its leader won to himself the zealous service of the men in his employ. He proposed to them a system whereby every person working with the firm should have an annual share of its profits, and admitted their delegates also to a share in the management of the accounts. Most of his men ridiculed the proposal; but when at the end of the first year they received an unexpected average sum of ten pounds each, the doubters and mockers were changed to zealous converts and hearty co-operators. He gained for his work the best workmen, for his customers the most reliable work, for his firm the best character, and for himself a well-merited and universal respect and gratitude.

A few words on Leclaire's history are worth quoting. From the age of ten years to seventeen he worked in the fields, and presumably laid by a little sum, for he then went to Paris and apprenticed himself to a house painter. At twenty-six years of age he set up for himself with a capital of £40 which he had saved (let my readers note how this thrifty lad and thrifty man made a small capital for himself, while thousands with as good opportunities wasted their means and failed of success); two years later he was able to take a contract for a certain job of work for £800. And this thrifty man had a heart to spend well too. To get good work done, he gave his men five francs a day instead of four, but only employed the best workers; and he made his fortune. After fifteen years' work he made his men partners in his business, and, in one particular case, proved

the great truth so few can learn to grasp, that labour and capital are father and child, not bitter foes. The moral effect, as well as the financial effect, of this arrangement was most remarkable. A certain elected number of the men were made members of a committee of management (or conciliation, as it is called), and exercised a control over their own body, from which objectionable members could in due form be expelled. Out of 900 persons employed, there were, in the eighteen months ended July 31, 1880, six cases of misconduct; of the guilty ones, two were expelled, one suspended for eighteen months, one for fifteen, and one for five days, and the sixth received a warning. *There had been no case of drunkenness for several years.* The returns of the firm in 1880 were £100,000.

XVI.—WHY PROFIT-SHARING CANNOT BECOME UNIVERSAL.

To read such a story gladdens a philanthropist's heart, and should make us all heartily welcome such a hope for thrift as this. It has been excellently treated by Mr. Sedley Taylor in the "Nineteenth Century," and lectured upon by Miss Hart. When we think upon "Leclaire's Story," we are ready enough to cry, "O, si sic omnes!" And, indeed, it is to be much desired that some of our many generous-hearted employers of large labour may see their way to follow the bright example he has set.

But there is one great difficulty in the way of any general adoption of such a measure as this. That better work is done by better men under such a system, that business prospers and brotherhood strengthens, has been plainly shown by that great pioneer of progress, and the system of profit-sharing, therefore, commends itself at once, not only to philanthropy, but to prudence, as every act of true philanthropy should do to deserve the name. But the difficulty of making such a system general lies in the very name of the reform. If "profit-sharing" is to become general, *there must be profits to share*, and this cannot be guaranteed. An exceptional firm, doing the best work, in the best way, with the greatest promptitude, bearing the highest character, is pretty sure of work as long as any work is going; but if all trade were done on the profit-sharing principle, many shops would be losers instead of gainers when work was slack, and the "partners," who were willing enough to share the profits, would prove quite unwilling to share the losses. In a word, the system works well in good times, but carries no warrant of success in bad times. But for this great and obvious difficulty, it would offer a hope for thrift and providence as bright and strong as any we can show.

XVII.—HOW THE LAW SHOULD CORRECT "THRIFTLESS THRIFT."

The excellent title, "Thriftless Thrift," prefixed to an essay of Mr. Fremenhede's in the "Fortnightly Review," admirably describes the deplorable disadvantages which beset so many

efforts of poor men in the direction of independence and providence.

As we have seen with regard to their purchases for the supply of daily present wants, it is also easy to see that with regard to their investment for future ones, the very poorest who most need such provision have to make it at the highest cost, and at the greatest risk.

They are, as I have elsewhere pointed out, the victims of a perfect host of rapacious rogues, and day by day are plundered and ruined by systematic swindling. Their ignorance, multiplied by their poverty, makes them join so-called Friendly Societies, which only exist to drain the life-blood of their independence, since they know too little of the subject to distinguish a sound club from a crazy one, and have so little to spare for providence that they madly prefer to join the one that promises most benefits for smallest contributions.

Of course, it is very easy to say men must learn by experience, must be left to manage their own affairs, must take the consequences if rash and imprudent in their investments. Such sententious judgment is not only cold-hearted and cruel, it is shortsighted as well, for those who give it never note that the men they say must learn by experience are the men whom the experience, being final ruin, can never profit when it comes. And to say these should be left to manage their own affairs argues ignorance of the fact that the ruin and waste of poor men's providence is every one's affair as well as his.

"Nam tua res agitur, paries dum proximus ardet."

While as to the ignorant and swindled poor being left "to take the consequence of their error," though they have indeed to bear its bitterness in pauperism, society itself is bound to take the consequence, and to bear its cost in rates, and its infamy in national dishonour.

A great deal in this matter might be done by a small extension of our present law regarding Friendly Societies. The Friendly Societies Act is defined by the Registrar, in his most recent report (1880, Part I, ordered to be printed August, 1881), "to have for its main object to place before members such information as to the true financial position of their societies, as shall indicate its ability or not to fulfil its contracts."

Now an immense reform would be wrought, without the smallest interference with any Friendly Society now existing, if the principle thus clearly laid down were applied to every *new* society proposed to be established, and if it were made illegal for any man or set of men to invite and receive contributions to any new Friendly Society which could not show an actuary's certificate of the adequacy of its rates.

For what would be the necessary result? All existing societies which are bad in themselves would, in the nature of things, die out; only the good ones would survive, and not only survive, but extend in acceptance and utility to an extraordinary degree. The difference would be as great and marked as in the produce of a field of wheat if we could conceive of some chemical pro-

cess which at a given moment should eradicate every weed, and leave for the spreading and the filling of the grain all the space and all the nurture of the soil.

XVIII.—WHY SUCH A MEASURE IS NECESSARY.

Many people fail to see the necessity of such a measure, even though it interfere in no way with the worst existing society, and only affect those which rogues and swindlers may, *in future times*, find it their interest to establish. I will make the necessity apparent. All these swindling societies, by promising impossible benefits for small contributions, compete ruinously with sound societies. Their principle is that of the gold-ring trick, or the professing to sell sovereigns for shillings. Supposing the true cost of such provision as a good Friendly Society can secure to a young labourer to be half-a-crown a month, if he find another society offering the same benefits for eighteenpence, he will pay the smaller sum, join the speculative club, and take his chance of the security. And this is the secret of the enormous disproportion which exists between the number of persons who are claimed as provident men for belonging to some sort of Friendly Society, and of those who are really, in any practical sense, provided against want.

This is why there are far more societies unregistered than registered; and this is why, even among the registered societies, the great bulk postponed to the last allowable moment the making of any valuation of their funds, and why, of those that have sent in their valuations to the office, so overwhelming a majority have proved to be in deficiency (often in very large deficiency indeed) of estimated assets to meet estimated liabilities.

In a word, if the law, as it very easily might, prevented, by the measure I have suggested, the formation of any new society without actuarial certification of rates, it would touch no existing interest, but would raise the general rate of contribution up to the true cost of the benefits sought. Till that be done, all the providence of the poorest men will be precarious, and most of it will be, as it is to-day, utterly and hopelessly wasted. The better circumstanced and better educated working men will secure themselves, the rest will still be plundered in youth and pauperised in age.

It is marvellous to see in this direction the blindness of those who represent the better class of Friendly Societies at the present day. At the Mansion House Conference on National Thrift, May 20, 1881, Colonel Harcourt, M.P., moved the following resolution, based on a letter of mine to the "Times" a month or two before.

"That, for the better protection of the savings of the poor, the law should prohibit the establishment, *in the future*, of any Friendly Society without due actuarial certification of the sufficiency of its tables of contribution."

This resolution, touching no existing society whatever, might, as a matter of plain philanthropy, as well as of obvious common sense, have been expected to pass without opposition. But it *was*

opposed, with very little success indeed, but with great vigour, and that by two speakers who claimed, as leading members, to represent the Odd Fellows and the Foresters, to which organisations the resolution, if passed into law, would, assuming their soundness, have done incalculable good, and, even supposing them unsound, would never have interfered with them at all.

XIX.—REQUIREMENT OF EXACT STATEMENT AS TO MEMBERSHIP AND CONTRIBUTION BY FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

The law already requires a copy of the last annual balance-sheet, and of the last quinquennial valuation of a Friendly Society, together with the report of the auditors, to be kept always hung up in a conspicuous place at the registered office of the society.

As far as it goes, this requirement is excellent. But it goes a very little way. I know of a society having two or three hundred branches in various parts of the country, and a central office in London; of what use to the rural members in Northumberland is the single copy of return of valuation which hangs on a wall in London? And the law provides that any member *who asks for it* should be furnished with a copy of the annual return. Why should not the law compel these returns to be sent by post to each individual member *without asking*? It would cost each member less than one penny a year for the annual return, and one penny every five years for the valuation. As it is, the society I referred to never ventured to print and circulate their valuation return at all, until, struck with its enormous deficiency, I published particulars of its condition

myself in the newspapers, and forced the manager's hands.

Again, the law should require a distinct statement at the foot of every scale of payment printed in club rules, as to whether *all* members in the club are paying the full sums stipulated in the rules; and if not, whether the actuarial certification appended to the scale has taken account for any members paying at a lower rate than the scale provides.

As this may seem a far-fetched and needless suggestion, I will illustrate my meaning. I have a scale of rules certified by an actuary as safe to secure the benefits promised by a Friendly Society. It is a new scale, put forward in consequence of the actuary's valuation showing an enormous estimated deficiency. And the actuary certified the sufficiency of this new scale *on the condition* that every member of the society should contribute by it. The society, however, consisting of 14,000 members, did not choose to raise its rates to the old members (that is, the management was afraid to take the only possible step to make itself solvent), and so, at the present moment, they charge *new-comers* only with the higher rate, and allow the 14,000 old members to continue in the club while paying utterly inadequate contributions. This difference appears nowhere in their book of rules; the actuary's name is vaunted as certifying the absolute soundness of the society, and, when it breaks, *as it must do*, he and the actuarial profession will be most unjustly blamed. And that this conduct is a deliberate fraud upon all new members is so plain and clear that no just man can hesitate to say that the law, by such a simple stipulation as I have indicated, should render its repetition impossible.

Rest.

REST will be sweet in the evening, when the day's long labour is done—
Now, I must be up and doing, for my work is scarce begun!

Peace may be dear to the veteran, grown weary of war's alarms—
But now I am longing for battle, the clash and the clang of arms!

Death by-and-bye will be welcome, if I have been faithful and true—
Now, there is life to be lived, and I have so much to do!

Once, in the early morning, when the dews were not yet dry,
In the misty summer morning, or ever the sun was high,

As I looked along the road whereby I must presently go,
And saw how great was the journey, how fiercely the noon would glow,

Life felt too heavy a burthen, and I so weary and worn,
Weary before I had laboured, and longing for night at morn.

Weary before I had laboured; but labour has brought me rest,
And now I am only eager to do my work with the best.

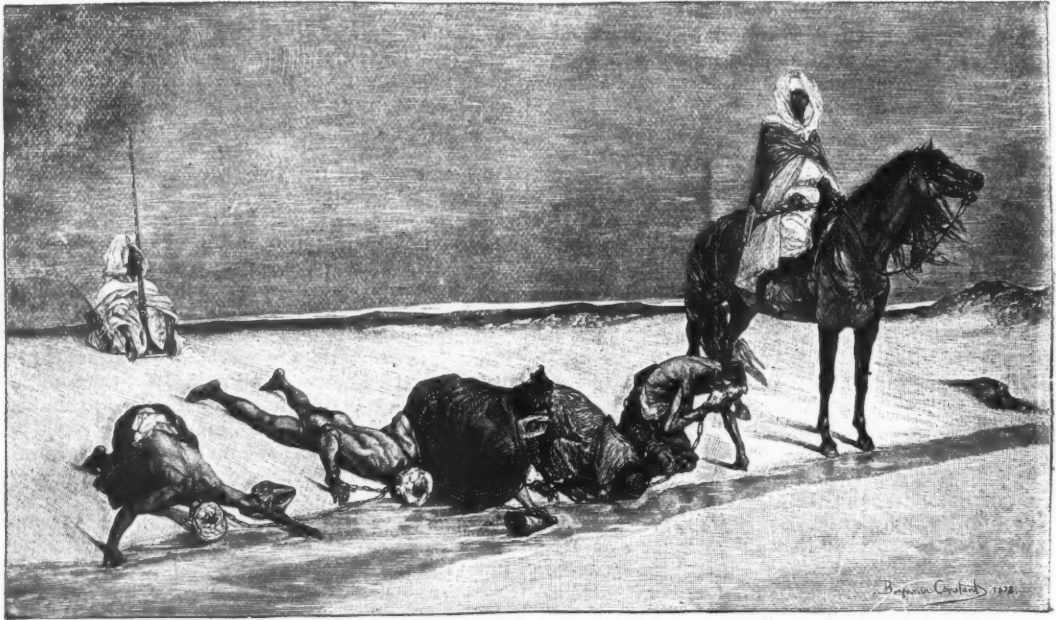
What right have I to be weary, when my work is scarce begun?
What right have I to be weary, while aught remains to be done?

I shall be weary at even, and rest will the sweeter be;
And blessed will peace be to them that have won the victory!

But now is the time for battle—now I would strive with the best;
Now is the time for labour; hereafter remaineth a rest.

MARY M. A. HOPPUS.

THE FRESHWATER SUPPLY OF EGYPT.



THIRST.

[From the Painting by B. Constant.]

EGYPT is an arid and almost rainless region. Rain is unknown in the upper districts; in the Delta, or lower lands, it falls at intervals from November to March. At Cairo the showers, though sometimes heavy, are unfrequent, and the rainy days range from ten to seventeen in the year. In recent years the amount of rain has increased, the increase being ascribed to the progress of cultivation and of tree-culture. Hence that ancient country has never been blessed with the refreshing showers of heaven, which fertilise the land and nourish the inhabitants of more favoured regions. But from time immemorial they have always found an unfailing supply of freshwater from the majestic River Nile, which receives abundant floods from the rainy mountainous interior of Africa. Rolling along its sinuous course for nearly four thousand miles, from its highest lacustrine source, it reaches Cairo in a broad deep stream, and then spreads like an aqueous fan through the level lands of the Delta, although only two of the ancient natural mouths of the Nile remain.

The principal channel is the Rosetta branch, which flows into the Mediterranean about forty miles east of Alexandria. From this branch numerous irrigation canals have been cut through the agricultural lands, of various sizes, but the Mahmoudieh Canal is the broadest, longest, and most important, as it furnishes the freshwater supply to the city and its environs. This canal commences at a bend of the river near the town of Atfeh, and makes a detour in its course in a south-easterly direction to a south-westerly point,

where it skirts the shore of Lake Mareotis and the fortified walls of Alexandria. It is about three hundred feet wide, and some forty-five miles long.

Outside the fortifications, facing the town of Ramleh, in Aboukir Bay, efficient waterworks have been erected by French engineers, on a large scale, upon the most approved European system. These are built on a height about a hundred feet above the sea-level, consisting of a powerful pumping-engine, and a large reservoir into which the water is pumped from the Mahmoudieh conduit. The chimney of the engine rises some sixty feet higher than this level, while the buildings are substantial and elegant, surrounded by a garden, the whole forming a prominent object in the landscape. From this elevation the water is conducted through pipes into the principal quarters of the city, so that the highest house can be supplied. Besides that advantage there are two fountains in the Grande Place, an oblong square nearly a quarter of a mile in length, where the *jets d'eau* are enabled to throw up columns of water forty feet high, refreshing the surrounding garden and cooling the hot air at noon.

These works were purchased by English capitalists from the late Khedive Ismail, who now hold in perpetuity the concession granted to the French company, and form the Alexandria Waterworks Company, with a capital of £350,000, having a board of directors in London, of which the Duke of Sutherland is chairman. To bring the supply from the great aqueduct a subsidiary canal was cut at the company's expense, and pipes were laid for

distributing the water for the town and the shipping in harbour. The land service includes the military barracks, police stations, palaces, railway station, warehouses, factories, cotton-pressing establishments, and watering the very dusty streets. Pumping at the works is only necessary at the times when the Nile is at its low level, there being sufficient flow at high floods to carry the stream into the filter-beds.

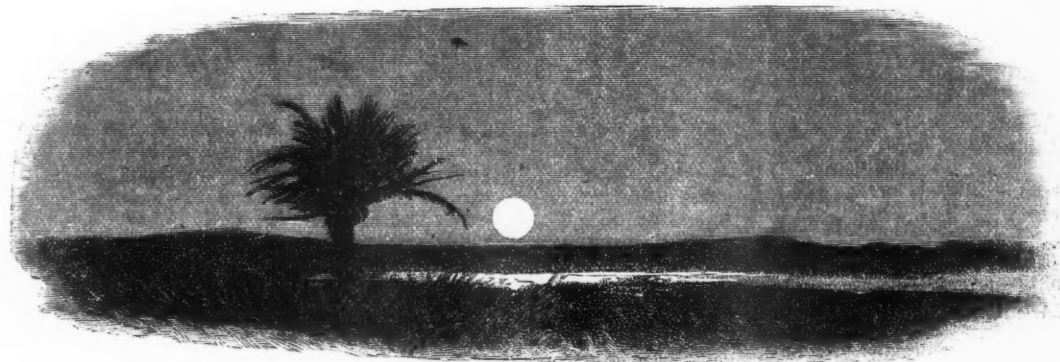
When these and the distributing apparatus were completed, Alexandria had an estimated population of 220,000 inhabitants, including the suburb of Ramleh, where many Europeans resided. Before that the natural supply of water for drinking, cooking, and domestic washing was limited to a few wells, where no springs or small streams exist in the vicinity; and the great bulk of the supply was brought from the Mahmoudieh Canal by water-carriers. These men had no casks or buckets for this purpose, but the skins of sheep and goats made water-tight, which answered capitally for carrying on camels, horses, donkeys, and across men's shoulders. The opening of the waterworks threw a large number of the fellahs out of employment, which created some discontent, and formed a temporary grievance against foreigners.

Not only is this inestimable supply of water from the Nile valuable in time of peace, but it can be made the means of destruction and defence during war. By damming up the canal at its junction with the Rosetta branch, or lower down, the flow can be stopped, so that the channel becomes dry, while the reservoir and filter-beds are empty. During the military revolt of Arabi and the Egyptian army this was attempted. Moreover, use was made of these waters to inundate the low lands in the front of his camp to prevent the approach of artillery, while his flanks rested on the east bank of the canal, which formed a gigantic wet ditch for defence. In the same manner, when the river is at its highest flood in August and September, the embankments of the Rosetta arm can be cut and the waters made to inundate the valley, so as to drive away all invaders, as the dykes of the Netherlands were cut in former times to drive the Spaniards from the country, who threatened to attack the Dutch army.

Where the Rosetta arm of the Nile branches off below Cairo, forming its western outlet into the Mediterranean, another branch of nearly equal volume and length flows eastwards, these forming the sides of the aqueous fan, the distance between their mouths approximating to one hundred miles. No large canal, equal to the dimensions of the Mahmoudieh conduit, has been constructed through the Delta from it, but the smaller channels for irrigation are more numerous. This arises from the land being better adapted for agricultural purposes, and containing the domains belonging to the Viceroy's estate, and other inheritors of the Government territory. The principal town on its banks is Mansourah, where the water supply is still in its primitive condition, excepting at the railway stations to Tanta, Damietta, and Zagazig, and the principal establishments of Europeans resident in these towns, many managing the affairs of the Khedive, besides the palaces of pashas who are large owners of landed property.

About forty-five miles to the eastward of Zagazig is the new town of Ismailia, named after the late Khedive, Ismail Pasha. It lies about halfway between Port Said and Suez, on the western bank of the canal. The following graphic account of its appearance was written by the late Alexander Russell, editor of "The Scotsman," who was invited to witness the opening of this great undertaking:—

"At six p.m. we reached Ismailia, and were driven over a fine paved road, far superior to any thoroughfare in Cairo or Alexandria, to a handsome *rondau*, from whence emerge the four chief streets of the city. Ismailia is the only city in Egypt entirely built of stone, and presenting all the features of modern civilisation. All the houses are surrounded by luxuriant gardens; the leading officials of the Canal Company occupy picturesque little villas or *châteaux*, perfectly comfortable and well appointed; the streets, which are kept in a manner that would not disgrace the Champs Elysées, are abundantly shaded by sycamores and other Oriental trees of rich and varied foliage; the supply of freshwater is plentiful, and the air from Lake Timsah is a sort of atmospheric champagne. The lake itself, on the northern shore of



LAKE MAREOTIS, NEAR DAMANHOOR.

which Ismailia gleams in the chronic sunshine of Egypt, with her dazzling white quays and houses half buried in verdure, like eggs in a basket of moss, is wonderfully lovely—its waters as deeply celestial blue as those of Geneva or Constance, engirdled in a setting of dead gold, the far-spreading billowy desert sand. All this smart little town, and great part of the lake to boot, was but twelve years ago an integral portion of the huge waste that reaches from Cairo to Asia, and from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. Where steamers drawing twenty-two feet of water now float in safety, and navigate the canal, M. de Lesseps has ridden on camel and horseback for many a mile over the dry desert sands."

This wondrous transformation of a howling wilderness into a terrestrial paradise was greatly due to the construction of a freshwater canal from Boulack, a suburb of Cairo. It is neither so wide or deep as the Mahmoudieh Canal, but it is longer by thirty-five miles, or nearly double the distance. The flow of water is abundant for all requirements, and for any amount of increase in the population and area of the town and suburbs; also for any vessels passing through the canal that may require a fresh supply. The prevalence of fever has, however, hindered Europeans from enjoying the "paradise" of Ismailia. Possibly it can be improved by eucalyptus groves and sanitary engineering. No English reside there by choice.

From Ismailia the canal is carried southwards between the railway and the saltwater canal to Suez, adding about sixty miles to its entire length, or two hundred and thirty-five miles from Cairo. This undertaking in itself is a masterpiece of engineering and labour, irrespective of the ship canal, and redounds to the credit of all concerned. The conduit was finished and opened out its refreshing waters to the thirsty inhabitants of Suez in 1864, which had long laboured under a desolating drought and scarcity of water for potable purposes, that rendered it sometimes as precious and dear as wine. Even the Bedouin Arabs preferred their brackish pond-water in the desert to the nauseous compound at this town.

Having arrived at Suez on his route from China to Europe in the previous year, the writer of this paper had practical experience of the scarcity and cost of freshwater at this famous overland station for passengers across Egypt. On landing, we were agreeably surprised to find a hotel replete with all the comforts and luxuries required by travellers. Passing through a spacious gateway, we crossed a garden laid out in the most charming manner, with tables and seats sufficient to accommodate more than two hundred visitors, where they could partake of viands and wines suited to the climate *al fresco*. Around on all sides were flowers in pots and climbers on the pillars, sending forth their delicious perfume, while acacias, palms, and other tropical trees waved overhead in the refreshing breeze that swept over the high wall which surrounded the compound, rendering it a perfect oasis in the desert. On inquiry we learned that the hotel had been built by the Peninsular and Oriental Com-

pany, at a cost of thirty thousand pounds, for the comfort and accommodation of their passengers crossing the isthmus. It was managed by a Maltese named Schambri, who performed his office admirably.

After a comfortable and refreshing sleep in a clean, nice bed, we were loth to get up early, and could have dozed away until noon with delight after the discomforts of a sultry sea voyage, especially in the Red Sea from Aden. However, we got up, and rang to inquire about a cold-water bath. The waiter answered it could be had, but the charge was five rupees, equal to ten shillings; but otherwise the hotel tariff was moderate and the meals excellent.

On mentioning the matter to a gentleman in the hotel, he proved to be Mr. Smith, the manager of the P. and O. Company's large establishment at Suez. He informed us that the reason of the high charge for a bath was from the cost of distilling the water by machinery for the use of the cabin tables, as the water to be had from native sources was not fit for either drinking or washing. Pointing to a group of buildings, he said these works are not only for distilling water, but making ice by refrigeration, washing table-linen, and other requirements for the steamers and the hotel exclusively, without supplying other ships or companies.

Observing strings of camels wending their way into the old and dirty town, we followed them, and found that they went to the market-place and dislodged their burdens for sale. These consisted chiefly of water-skins—that is, skins of goats and sheep, so carefully stripped from the carcasses of the animals and cleaned of their hair or wool, that the only cuttings visible were small orifices in their bellies, which had been carefully sewn up, with the legs and necks cut off at the narrowest points. The latter were fastened with pieces of ox-hide. At first sight these expanded skins looked like dead goats and sheep. On being laid down they were arranged in rows, and the inhabitants came to purchase them from the water-carriers.

Going up to one of them, who seemed to be a master, and the proprietor of several camels, we communicated to him as well as we could that we wanted to know the price of a skin of water. He was perfectly alive to our query, and answered in good English, "Three shillings." As far as we could judge, one skin did not contain more than three bucketfuls. We said it was very dear; but he told us that the water was brought a distance of twelve miles from a spot in the desert where it was very scarce. On turning to leave he became anxious that we should be a customer, and offered two skinfuls for five shillings. As we shook our head in token of dissent he seemed disappointed at the Giaour's refusal of a cheap bargain.

Arrived in Cairo, we found that the water supply was free to all who could carry it from the undivided Nile itself, which rolls majestically past the city. Irrigation is carried on all over the lower lands that surround the rocky eminence culminating in the citadel, and crowned with the gorgeous mosque and tomb of Mehemet Ali. Yet at that height there is a well sunk two hundred and

sixty feet, from which the water is hoisted up in dilapidated chain buckets worked by an ox. This was originally intended for supplying the garrison during the time of siege. The fortress is further supplied with water from the Nile by an aqueduct. Successive khedives have erected drinking fountains in the streets, some of them being fringed with nipples, from which the people suck the water

without being able to spill a drop. Travellers speak in high terms of the excellence of the Nile as the most potable water in the world. If this means for cooking or washing, it may be so, but as a drink it was insipid to our taste, compared with the sparkling waters from springs and streams in Europe, filtering through a rocky soil.

SAMUEL MOSSMAN.

WILLIAM JACKSON, OF EXETER, MUSICIAN.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

V.

TURIN was the first regular town I ever saw—a noble "Place." *September 3rd.*—Walked about Turin; two or three of the streets are very fine; two good squares: the palace a noble suite of apartments. The pictures, I believe, are twice as many as at the Palais Royal, and for the greatest part very fine. Many of the King of Sardinia's pictures were in the collection of our Charles I, of whom there is here a full-length portrait, and some others by Vandyke. Not one quarter of the pictures are by Italians, but chiefly by Dutch and Flemish artists. The famous piece by Gerard Dow (a physician attending a sick woman) is celebrated over Europe. I have been informed that when the king was making his escape from Turin he took this picture with him in his carriage, and presented it to a French officer for letting him pass his guard. I went to the market, in which was a profusion of melons, peaches, grapes, plums, and pears, a delightful sight! They cost so little that many people of the lowest rank were making a meal upon bread and fruit. The windows of many of the common houses were encompassed and shaded by vines loaded with purple grapes.

On the anniversary of the Day of Deliverance of Turin (from the French early in the century) I went to hear the music in the cathedral—the band very slender, but the composition good. I expected greater things. Many processions of religious orders, and figures of saints, among others a silver statue of Our Lady as large as life, to which the Torinese attribute the merit of their deliverance, and not to Prince Eugène. The Archbishop of Turin officiated. There were processions in the street of charity children, companies of tradesmen, priests of every order, magistrates, nobility, lawyers, and physicians, all in their robes of ceremony. A very fine sight! Thousands of people. I saw it from the window of the Russian Secretary. The orangerie of La Venerie is the largest room not a church I ever saw. The winter at Turin, on account of the neighbouring Alps, is very severe, and oranges require as much protection as many degrees farther north. In Devonshire we plant lemon-trees in the natural ground, which bear fruit in great profusion if covered by glass a few weeks in the depth of winter. The fruit is perfectly

well-ripened, but it does not form its seed, which is frequently the case with plants when far removed from their native soil. I never saw lemons or oranges in the common earth in France or Piedmont, in both which countries the cold is greater in winter than in the south of England. I had often read of irrigation in Farmer Young's books, but I never saw it till I passed the Plain of Turin, where it is upon a large scale. The country and the city has the greatest advantage from the Dora, a river whose source is the discharge of the lake on Mont Cenis. It is cut into *manageable canals* which run or stop at pleasure.

Monday went to the Superga, which is 1,456 feet above the River Po. The church is a dome between two towers. The dome within is very beautiful, cannot be less than 150 feet high. Pavement of polished marble, pillars which support the dome of grey marble. Below the church is the burying-place of the kings of Sardinia. I saw from this height all the plain of Piedmont with the adjacent Alps, and some 150 miles off the plains of Lombardy, Milan in the extreme distance, the course of the Po, etc., etc. The *coup d'œil* beyond description! The hill is evidently thrown up, as is all the country about it. Whether it was the action of throwing up such a hill which rounded all the various stones of which it is composed, or whether it was once seashore, I know not. I found a shell on the splitting of a stone. There are here and there masses of lava, and the hill has everywhere a volcanic appearance.

In descending from the Superga I had the first sight of Mont Rosa, second only to Mont Blanc. It ascends to a great height over the intermediate mountains, although they are more than double the altitude of Snowdon.

It would fill many pages to describe the wonderful effect produced by the combination of clouds and mountains. To mention only one instance. In looking at a mountain apparently not remote, you see a cloud in the neighbourhood which you suppose will pass behind it, but the reverse happens, and *the cloud sails on before it*, showing at once how you had mistaken the distance and the height. Turin has a grandeur of situation beyond all idea of those who have seen no other country than our own. Conceive a flat so extensive as to diminish

from the sight like the sea, and to be coloured like it, from whence arise some of the highest mountains upon the globe; sometimes totally, sometimes partially hid by clouds, and now and then to be perfectly free from them. The light and shade is as various as the circumstances which produce them. I hope I shall always preserve the memory of this sublimity, which I consider as a full equivalent for all my disappointments in life!

Walking out in the neighbourhood of the city, a black cloud from the mountains overwhelmed us, and threatened instantly to drench us to the skin. We took shelter in a common "Vigne;" the house (vastly better than those of our peasants) was inhabited by poor people, and without furniture, but was well built. There was a covered avenue of grapes and peaches, the hill covered with grapes, figs, walnuts, peaches, etc., a most delightful scene! The mistress of it was weeping lest the hail should destroy her grapes, and was so employed ringing a small bell (*which being blessed* was to preserve her vineyard from the expected storm) that we entered unnoticed. The alarm was general, and tinkle, tinkle went through the country. The cloud threatened, but passed harmless. The transition from sorrow to joy was sudden! We were then noticed and treated with lapfuls of grapes, figs, etc.

Set out from Turin, September 13th, returned partly by the same road as we came. . . . Arriving at Chamberi we took a new road, came to Aix, where there are hot baths, the building partly Roman, partly modern. The water seemed to me hotter than at Bath, but I had no means of making a trial by a thermometer.

Descended a long hill to Frangi; between that and Geneva the country less beautiful than what we had left. In this small tract were two pumps, being the first we had seen in all our route; of course the primitive way of procuring water by draw-wells is commonly used. This seems to show that mechanic contrivances are less forward upon the Continent than in England; but at the same time it must be confessed that water brought up immediately from the well is much cooler and fresher than what is pumped.

The entrance to Geneva is pleasant and picturesque, a fine mixture of trees, houses, and level greens; the lake perfectly clear, tint blue, with purple streaks occasioned by accidental circumstances. . . . The Rhone here, as at Lyons, is as rapid as a mill-stream, divided into two parts by an island; the water as blue as if indigo had been mixed with it. . . . In the principal streets are projecting roofs supported by beams and wooden pillars as high as the houses, which form a covered footway; shops on each side, but not well filled, and very meagre and dismal when compared to those in England.

September 21st.—Set off for Lausanne; came to Rolle through a most delightful country by the side of the lake. Arrived at Lausanne "in thunder, lightning, and in rain." Now and then grand views of the mountains; the lake agitated like a rough sea; high breakers on the shore.

September 23rd.—Set off for Portarlier. Passed through a wood of fine oaks. This is remarked as the first circumstance of the kind which occurred since leaving England. At the bottom, before the ascent of Mont Jura, is an assemblage of highly picturesque objects. A ruin of a castle on a perpendicular rock rising from a stream agitated in the roughest and grandest manner, the rocky sides overhung with woods. A bridge crosses the gully, from whence might be made drawings of the sublimest character.

Before we passed it day had closed in, so that though we had light enough to see, there was not enough to use the pencil. I lamented the loss of an opportunity never to be recovered. The horses tired; we walked up the mountain about 2,000 feet, through woods of fir, and came to a single house, where we slept. In traversing the Juras we passed some villages where the houses had roofs so far projecting beyond the side walls as to give room for stores of wood and offices.

September 25th.—Came to Plombières, one of the hot watering-places in the season much frequented. To compare it to Bath would be like weighing the Republic of Geneva against the Empire of Russia. However, the inhabitants gave themselves airs of consequence as if they were used to great folks! . . . The Duke of Bedford had just left this town, where he had much diverted the people by a horse-race. The hot spring, like that at Bath and Aix, rises amid high hills, and is so hot that you cannot suffer your hand to remain in it.

September 26th.—To Epinal, to Charmes, crossed the Moselle. The town well designed, with broad and straight streets. . . . The church, near the market-place, within is good. The organ by far the best I have yet heard on the Continent; it has many stops which the English ones are without. The organist showed me what he called an "English pianoforte." It was a very bad one of the Swiss make. I ought not to quit Nancy without remarking that the only time we saw the host carrying through the street was in this city.

Metz, a large city, and noble cathedral. Here I first saw why the "Rood-loft" (of late the organ-loft) was so named. A gigantic crucifix stood on it looking towards the west; one of the most disgusting sights that can be imagined, painted in natural colours and streaming with blood! I really am a Protestant from taste as well as principle.

Luxembourg. The adjacent rocks levelled to prevent shelter from the cannon on the fortification. In this city, as we were informed, is only one well, 180 feet deep. It is of course made a thing of consequence. Near it is a reservoir, from whence the water is drawn by those who come for it, which is supplied from the well by the labour of asses. The appearance is very handsome, and the whole bomb-proof. As we preferred the farthest way about when we went from Calais to Paris, because we would travel in the same track as Sterne, so a wish to find out the tree which has Rosalind's name on it brought us to the Forest of Arden. Alas! no trees were there, nor anything worth the least attention; but

being willing to have some memorial of my friend Jaques, I made a drawing, the last I made on this expedition. The water, no doubt, still retains the tears of the poor stag!

After passing some considerable places we arrived at Namur. Fine appearance from without; a dome and spires; citadel on a rock. Cliffs by the Meuse, which is larger than the Moselle. Fortifications demolished, and gardens in their place. Buildings old-fashioned but handsome. The cathedral, a little St. Paul's, very beautiful in itself, but much disguised by horrid altars and execrable pictures. Pavement black-and-white marble polished. It is the best designed church I had yet seen. Upon my expressing my great approbation of it, the sacristan said he should repeat my words to the architect, who was alive, it being the first compliment he had received upon his performance.

October 1st.—Came to Brussels through the Forest of Sogne, which, in fact, is nothing but a large plantation of beech-trees, a portion of which is cut down every year when it has been growing a century, to supply the adjoining city with firewood, so that its appearance is not that of a forest. Here let me remark that I had seen nothing upon the Continent that would give an Englishman the idea of a forest or a fine wood.

I had conceived from the term "Low Countries" that Flanders was as flat as a table. That notion was first a little shocked at Namur, but perfectly demolished at Brussels, where the hills are high and steep as at Lausanne. Perhaps the terms "high" and "low" have a different meaning, or at least a different application than we commonly apprehend. High Germany is the eastern part of the empire and Low Germany the western. The German language they term "High Dutch," as they call that of Holland "Low Dutch."

The Park (in Brussels) is a very fine place; the arsenal contains many relics of the generals of the Low Country wars—Prince of Parma, Duke of Alva, Don John, and the Emperor Charles v—their armour, swords, shields, etc. Many of the pieces are very curious, for their workmanship as well as for belonging to great personages we have read much of. . . . In the town-house I saw the most beautiful lace imaginable, very superior in point of design to that of Honiton.

Came to Antwerp, a noble old town, for the most part in the unadulterated Low Country style; many streets of much the same degree of excellence. . . . The great church is large; not very handsome at best. The walls being covered by what they think ornaments and wretched altars at almost every pillar, it is the most disagreeable, whitewashed thing I ever saw; but as it contains Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," that is an answer to all objections. The Tower exceeds every idea I had formed of it. Exquisitely beautiful! Never had justice done to it in any description, painting or print, of it I ever saw. Near it a "place," with magnificent Low Country buildings, which, with the Tower, is perfection itself in this style of effect. . . . I saw no grass in the streets, as I had been taught to expect, nor in any respect is the city so desolate as represented. The

council board in the academy is surrounded with chairs, which have on their backs the names of many old artists.

. . . Calais. Windbound for a day. At the inn I found a history of Calais, written by a native. In it was this new and curious remark: "That in those battles between the French and English, in which the English were victorious, their armies chiefly consisted of French soldiers, taken from the provinces, at that time under English tyranny, so that if the French were beaten it was by their own countrymen!"

Although this town is nearer to England than any other, it is more foreign in the appearance of the people than more remote places. . . .

October 10th.—Embarked for Dover, where we arrived after a stormy and indeed dangerous passage.

October 12th.—Came to London. My eyes, of late accustomed to the lofty buildings of Flanders, did not well relish the stunted houses of our capital, which, I must own, in that respect, appeared to disadvantage.

A Pathetic Story.—Serjeant Ballantine relates that he met at dinner Mr. Stirling, long the stage-manager of Drury Lane Theatre. "He told me a little story that pleased me. It was of three young children who were fairies or angels in the Christmas pantomime. It was on one of the bitter snowy nights, and all the vehicles were off the road. The eldest of the three was only eight years old. The two infants, each clinging to the arm of the elder child, set off to walk to Camberwell, and got there safely. How soon necessity teaches courage and self-reliance!"

Coal Ashes in Gardens.—It is the common opinion that coal ashes are of little or no value. This is an error. Their benefit is of a two-fold nature—they favour moisture and improve the texture of the soil. They serve admirably as a mulch, either on the surface or mixed with the surface soil, the latter being the best. As the supply is not sufficient for general farm purposes, they are used in gardens, around shrubs and trees, and particularly for potatoes, which largely require moisture. Mixed with the surface soil and occasionally stirred, they have an excellent effect upon trees and shrubs, keeping up an uninterrupted growth during a drought if the application is liberal and well worked in. Where used in a garden, the earlier they are applied the better. The ground having been previously worked, spread evenly about one inch thick and mix thoroughly with a few inches of soil. Where the soil is quite heavy more ashes should be used and worked in proportionally deeper, answering both as mulch and as soil to grow the plant; in the other case, where the soil is good, principally as a mulch. In both cases manure is an advantage, either liquid or reduced to a fine state, as coal ashes possess little fertilising material. The effect will not be visible before the season is somewhat advanced. After that it will show, its best work being done in hot, dry weather. The effect will last several years, depending upon how much is used.—*Country Gentleman.*

Water Pits.—"Dig a pit upon the seashore somewhat above the high-water mark, and sink it as deep as the low-water mark; and as the tide comes in it will fill with water, fresh and potable. This is commonly practised upon the coast of Barbary, where other fresh water is wanting. And Cæsar knew this well when he was besieged in Alexandria; for by digging of pits in the seashore, he did frustrate the laborious works of the enemies, which had turned the sea water upon the walls of Alexandria, and so saved his army, being then in desperation."—*Bacon: "Nat. Hist."*

Varieties.



TÉWFIK PASHA.



ARABI PASHA.

MOHAMMED TEWFIK PASHA, the Khedive or reigning sovereign of Egypt, was born in 1853, and succeeded to the sovereignty in 1873. The title of Khedive was first given by firman of the Sultan in 1867, and was designed to be hereditary.

SAYED AHMED BEY ARABI, the leader of the so-called Nationalist party, and head of the recent rebellion, was born about the year 1836, in the province of Sharkiye, in Lower Egypt. He claims descent in the male line from Husseyn, the youngest son of the Prophet Mahomed, and is, therefore, of a family reputed holy by the Moslems, though his mother was an Egyptian. Early in life he entered the army as a private, but rose rapidly to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. During the reign of the late khedive he was cashiered, it is said, on a false charge; and when reinstated appears to have soon made himself the champion of the army, which had also its grievances. He rose rapidly to power. How he used his influence, and with what results, all Europe knows.

Cairo.

We are indebted for the following notes from Cairo, in illustration of our frontispiece, to Rogers Bey, the well-known Oriental scholar and an authority on the subject of Cairene mosques.

"The view is taken from a spot outside Bab al Wazir, a gate of the city just below the citadel. The principal object in view is the mausoleum of Sidi Muhammad, of whose history I know nothing, but the building is in the style of art prevailing under the Mameluke sovereigns, and is in a very good state of preservation.

"The minaret to the right is that of the mosque now known by the name of Ibrahim Agha, but formerly called the Mosque of Ak Sinkor. It is situated in a street leading from Bab-al-Mutwally to the citadel, formerly called *at tabbany*, or straw-market.

"Of the hundreds of mosques in Cairo this is one that attracts the special attention of visitors on account of its interior Eastern wall of about forty-two yards long and four yards high, which is entirely covered with encaustic tiles,

painted with blue and green flowers on a white ground. Some of them are arranged in panels, with cypress-trees, hanging lamps, baskets of flowers, etc., and form the most perfect example of this style of mural decoration that I know of.

"In the middle of the court of this mosque is a tank for ablution, supplied from a well outside, about which a story is naively related by Al-Makrizy, the celebrated Arabic historian, who died in the early part of the fifteenth century.

"Ak Sinkor was a Turkish slave belonging to al-Malik-an-Nâsu Muhammad ibn Kalaûn, by whom he was raised to the rank of Amir, and he occupied many important posts in the Government of Egypt and Syria during that reign, which was in the middle of the fourteenth century. He bequeathed for the maintenance of this mosque several villages near Aleppo, the annual revenue from which amounted to about 150,000 dirhams (£6,000), the richest endowment of any mosque in Egypt. But when, some time after his death, the Syrians threw off their allegiance to the Sultans of Egypt, the produce of the entailed villages was no longer sent to Cairo, and the mosque was thus deprived of its revenue, the schools attached

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to it were closed, and the only services retained were the call to prayer and the weekly sermon on Fridays.

"In the year 815 (A.D. 1413) the Amir Tughân, who was the Sultan's secretary, built in the middle of the court of this mosque a tank for water, and over it a roof, supported on marble columns removed from the mosque of Al-Khandak, which he had pulled down in order to take them. The water was raised into this tank from the well. When Al-Malik-al-Muayyad arrested Tughân in the year 816, and sent him to prison in Alexandria, a man came and took away the ox that turned the water-wheel, for Tughân had taken it from him without paying for it, 'as is the custom of our princes.' And there was no more water in the tank.

"This simple narrative throws much light on the history of Egypt under the Mameluke sovereigns.

"The minaret to the left and at a greater distance is that of a mosque and school built in the year 774 (A.D. 1373) by the Amir Al-Jay, who was generalissimo of the armies of al-Malik-al-Ashraf Shaabân."

The population of Cairo, which is the largest city in Africa, is estimated at 350,000, including about 20,000 foreigners. The city is about two miles in length by one in breadth, surrounded by a wall and commanded by a citadel, 130 minarets or more, some rich and graceful, giving it an imposing appearance at a distance, though its streets are narrow and crooked.

An Oxford Recollection.

Fifty years ago Biscoe's Aristotle Class at Christ Church was comprised almost wholly of men who have since become celebrated, some in a remarkable degree; and as we believe that so many names, afterwards attaining to great distinction, have rarely been associated at one lecture-board, either at Oxford or elsewhere, it may be allowed to one who counts himself the least and lowest of the company to pen this brief note of those old Aristotelians.

Let the central figure be Gladstone—ever from youth up the beloved and admired of many personal intimates (although some may be politically his opponents). Always the foremost man, warmhearted, earnest, hardworking, and religious, he had a following even in his teens; and it is noticeable that a choice lot of young and keen intelligences of Eton and Christ Church formed themselves into a small social sort of club, styled, in compliment to their founder's initials, the "W. E. G."

Next to Gladstone Lord Lincoln used to sit, his first parliamentary patron at Newark, and through life to death his friend. We all know how admirably in many offices of State the late Duke of Newcastle served his country, and what a good and wise Mentor he was to a grateful Telemachus in America.

Canning may be mentioned thirdly; then a good-looking youth with classic features and a florid cheek, since gone to "the land of the departed," after having healed up the wounds of India as her Governor-General. Next to the writer, one on each side, sat two more Governors-General *in futuro*, though then both younger sons and commoners, and now both also gone to their reward elsewhere; these were Bruce, afterwards Lord Elgin, and Ramsay, Lord Dalhousie; the one famous from Canada to China, the other noted for his triumphs in the Punjab. When at Toronto in 1851, the writer was welcomed to the splendid hospitality of Lord Elgin, and the very lecture-room here depicted was mentioned as "a rare gathering of friends." Lord Abercorn was of the class, a future viceroy; Lord Douglas, lately Duke of Hamilton, handsome as an Apollo, and who married a Princess of Baden; and if Lord Waterford was infrequent in his attendance, at least he was eligible, and should not be omitted as a various sort of eccentric celebrity. Then Phillimore was there, now our Dean of the Arches; Scott and Liddell, both heads of houses, and even then conspiring together for their great dictionary. Curzon too (lately Lord De la Zouch) was at the table, meditating Armenian and Levantine travels, and longing in spirit for those Byzantine MSS. preserved at Parham, where the undersigned has delighted to inspect them; how nearly Tischendorf was anticipated in his fortunate find of that earliest Scripture, no one knows better than Lord Zouch, who must have been close upon that great and important discovery! Doyle, now Professor of Poetry, Hill, of Mathematics, Vaughan, of History—all were of this wonderful class; as also the Earl of Selkirk,

celebrated as a mathematician, Bishops Hamilton, Denison, and Wordsworth; and Cornwall Lewis, late Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Kynaston, Head Master of St. Paul's; and a Member of Parliament or two, as, for example, Leader, once popular for Westminster.

Now, other names of almost equal eminence may have been here accidentally omitted, but the writer will not guess at more than he actually recollects. Sometimes—for the lecture was a famous one—members of other colleges came in; Sidney Herbert, of Oriel, in particular, is remembered; and if Robert Lowe, of University, was not occasionally seen, it must have been because he seldom went abroad till twilight.

Altogether "there were giants in those days;" and, without controversy, a casual class, containing more than a score of such illustrious names as are here registered, must be memorable. The lecture-room was next to Christ Church Hall, where that delicate shaft supports its exquisite traceried roof; the book was "Aristotle's Rhetoric," illustrated by each reader with quotations, a record whereof is still *pene me*; and the lecturer, now no longer living, was that able and accomplished classic, the Reverend Robert Biscoe.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Palæontology.

Cicero says that the natives of "a barbarous country like Britain," if for the first time they should see the orrery then recently constructed at Rome by Posidonius, would not doubt that reason presided in the government of the heavenly bodies which it represented. He says that it is left to philosophers to insinuate that the universe is the effect of chance (*De Naturâ Deorum*). The vast pile of proofs in support of the former conclusion is augmenting every year. Each specialist in natural science becomes in turn a worker for God. The Palæontographical Society exists for the purpose of publishing descriptions and figures of the organic fossils found in Great Britain. Since the year 1847 it has issued a quarto volume annually, and is yet very far from the end of its labours. It has completed 38 monographs, partly completed 28, shows 1,467 full-sized plates, 26,200 woodcuts, 10,180 pages of descriptive letterpress, giving an account of 5,019 species. Volume XXXVI, now before us, begins with the exquisite ferns found printed on the shales in the cliffs at Bournemouth. The guide to the flora of the ancient *eoene* (dawn of the present) period, to which they belong, is Mr. Starkie Gardiner. He writes of the three most important specimens that each is "scarcely distinguishable from existing widely distributed species, yet like no other in the world." All fern lovers should extend their admiration for the present races by beholding the treasures laid up in the solid records of the past. Visitors to Bournemouth, or the western end of the Isle of Wight, may diversify their pursuit by searching the level of the old land surface now raised high in the crumbling cliffs.

Next comes Dr. Wright's completion of his life-long work on the echinodermata of the chalk. These ancestors of the sea-urchins and star-fishes of our shores are extremely numerous, varied, and beautiful. Every amateur geologist is familiar with the "eggs," "crowns," and "diadems" met with in all the chalk of our eastern coast. Nearly 300 species are found, and the radiating structure, the decorated divisions, the tessellated arrangement of the twenty rows of armour-plates, the embossed tubercles and spines, render them most attractive forms for study and admiration. The back of the finest gold watch, engine-turned and engraved, is rugged and clumsy compared with the hidden surface of these pretty fossils.

Mr. Davidson goes on with his delineations of the fossil brachiopods, and revels in the display of their inner structure developed by the Rev. Norman Glass, who has devoted himself with great success to this special work. The little shells of this order, ranging in size from a pea to an orange, contain within them a coil of bony substance, arranged in different manner in each species, more or less like the mainspring of a watch, apparently contrived to counteract the pressure of the deep sea. The spirals of these old-world shells very far excel in beauty and complexity anything which the shells of the present day disclose. They are very feebly represented now by the process, like a merrythought bone, which is shown by the *Lingula*.

We must pass over the recent-looking shells of the Walton-

on-the-Naze and other beds, which both the late and present Mr. Searles Wood have made their peculiar study, in order to hasten to Dr. Wright's Lias ammonites. These "serpent-stones" are *par excellence* typical fossils in most districts, and in England, as they stretch from Whitby to Lyme Regis in a continuous belt, we are never very far from them. And yet all we can now say of these beautiful and orderly forms is—come and see: either in the pages of the fine volumes before us, or, better still, in the well-stocked cases of the grand collection at South Kensington.

S. R. P.

The New Forest.—A correspondent at Southampton sends the following notes: "The interesting account of the New Forest in the August 'Leisure Hour' describes faithfully and graphically its varied scenery, and the best manner of traversing it. Through the forest are numerous roads by which the visitor may find his way, with an ordinary map; but if he wishes to penetrate its more picturesque recesses, he must diverge from the common routes, and take the hint to provide himself with a pocket compass, noting that the variation from the north is twenty degrees west. Moreover, at whatever time the stranger goes, whether in summer or autumn, let him beware of wandering over the grassy glades after rainfall, for the subsoil is most impervious, and the water lodges on the surface in a way most deceptive to the eye. On one occasion, having gone scarcely half a mile from the road, I found myself, not in a quagmire or on boggy ground, but in a swamp where clear water covered the grass and submerged my boots. It is safer to avoid wandering till two or three days have passed after rainfall. The heathlands and open places are not so much obstructed, but some of the finest forest glades can only be comfortably explored after dry weather. Hence, the advice to make the head-quarters at Lyndhurst, requires a caution. It is far from the southern section of the forest, and is not a place at which one would prefer to be enforced to stay, in case of wet weather. I have found Southampton a far more convenient and economical place for head-quarters. There are frequent trains from the station at Southampton West for Lyndhurst Road, the distance being less than twenty minutes, and the third-class return fare only eightpence. From Lyndhurst Road station the tourist or artist enters at once into the most varied scenery of the forest—woodland and glades, diversified by heaths and hills. The town of Lyndhurst is three miles from Lyndhurst Road station; but there is an excellent road on which an omnibus plies, and a comfortable inn at the station, besides those in the town. Brockenhurst, which commands the southern part of the forest, is also easily reached by a short railway journey. Southampton West, connected with Southampton by train and tram, and not a mile from its harbour, I recommend for head-quarters to those with slender purses, while in case of wet weather it is better to be near a busy sea-port town with docks and pier, museum and libraries, tramways and shops, than in a forest village."—S. M.

Imp.—The use of this word was not restricted to royalty—as would seem to be implied in the note on p. 512—but was used generally for all children, of whatever rank. It is thought by some to be merely a contraction of *impubes*, "one who has not arrived at puberty." But Horne Tooke gives *imp* as the past participle of the Anglo-Saxon *impan*, to graft, or plant, and Stevens says (2 Henry IV, Act v, Sc. 5), "An *imp* is a shoot in its primitive sense, but means a son in Shakespeare." In St. Mary's Church, Aylesbury, is an inscription, of the date 1584, to "a worthie Dame," wife of Sir Henry Lee, "to whom she bare three impes." In 1853 I made mention, in *Notes and Queries*, of an inscription at Besford, near Pershore, Worcestershire, of the date 1576, to a boy aged 15, supposed to be Richard Harewell, in which are the words, "An impe entombed heere doth lie." On a tomb in the Lady's Chapel, St. Mary's Church, Warwick, the son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, who died in 1584, is called "the noble Impe." Bishop Parkhurst, in his letter to the Norwich Alderman (1573), says that he is "bound to have a special care of the youth of the diocese, as the imps that by God's grace may succeed us." The Earl of Shrewsbury, in 1585, writes of "Bess of Hardwick" and their children, as "my wife and her imps." In later days the

poet Rogers spoke of the children of a gipsy as imps; and Joanna Baillie, in her poem, "To a Child," begins with these words: "Whose imp art thou with dimpled cheek?" Other examples than those here mentioned will be found in the large edition of Johnson's Dictionary, showing that the use of the word was not restricted to royal children.—CUTHBERT BEDE.

Gardens without Earth.—Chemists have recently made efforts to find a means of cultivating plants without mould; the method has, after long and patient study, been discovered by Monsieur Alfred Dumesnil, of Vascocuil, near Rouen. The result was exhibited in the Square Solverson during December last, in a hamper in which forty plants, some of which had been out of the ground for thirty days, were seen flourishing as vigorously as ever. The process is so complete that they can be returned to the ground, and will continue to vegetate as before. Nothing surrounds the roots of the plants but a little moss. This discovery is fraught with many beautiful and useful results, not the least being the ornamentation of private rooms with living instead of cut plants, free from all the dirt and weight of flower-pots or vases. Balconies and terraces can be readily adorned, and even asphalt paths and macadamised roads. The French papers speak of its bringing about a revolution in house decoration. And as it is equally effectual in the case of vegetables, it may lead to a great increase in our means of sustenance. Monsieur Dumesnil married a daughter of Michelet, the historian, and was coadjutor professor to the philosopher Edgar Quinet in the College of France, and the editor of the first edition of his works.

The Fiddle.—The fiddle is pre-eminently the instrument of peace and contentment, of gentle suasion and harmony, among mankind. The fiddle charms the sailor as he labours at the bars of the capstan; 'tis a fiddle on which St. Cecilia is playing in a famous piece of fifteenth-century art; according to Raffaele, the Muses, the Pierides, and the Graces were treated by Apollo to a grand concerto upon the violin on the summit of Mount Parnassus; and some will have it that Orpheus charmed the beasts by the strains of a fiddle, and not of a lyre. The King of Instruments is now the provoker of merriment and now the consoler of sorrow. Can "Haste to the Wedding" be played on anything more appropriate than a fiddle? When Charles II was a wandering exile on the Continent, with scarce and precarious means and rapidly-dwindling friends, he wrote to a friend in Paris beseeching him to send him a "little fiddler," whose music-making might solace him in his misery. On the other hand—so versatile are the attributes of the violin—we read that when good old George III, strolling one afternoon into the theatre at Weymouth, and wearied with a long walk, went fast asleep in the royal box, Manager Elliston, espying the illustrious sleeper, and growing somewhat anxious as the hour for the performance approached, entered the orchestra, crept close to the box in which the king was slumbering, and by the dulcet strains of "God Save the King," performed on that fiddle upon which Elliston was a deft executant, awoke the sovereign of three realms to consciousness and the realities of life. Old Timotheus, we know, changed his instruments as he proceeded from strophe to strophe of his stupendous sonatas. Let us hope that it was with "the notes of a fiddle" that he first charmed the guests at "Alexander's Feast," and subdued the fierce conqueror into a melting mood; but that it was by the terrific rumblings of the less sympathetic double-bass that he roused the king to fury, and incited the lovely Thais to leap from his side, turn incendiary, and, "like another Helen, fire another Troy."—*Daily Telegraph*.

The Press.—The following remarks on the modern press are from the Duke of Albany's admirable speech in behalf of the Newspaper Press Fund: "The main function of the press is to be the contemporary and authentic record of the progress of the world; and the world's progress is not marked so much by the changing triumphs of one or other party—by the shifting predominance of this or that school of opinion—as by the steady increase in the mass of knowledge and experience on which all civilised men are agreed, and which each generation inherits almost unconsciously from its

predecessor. And what it gives me most pleasure to observe in the press is the increasing completeness with which this world-wide record is kept—the increasing accuracy and fullness of the picture which the press presents to us of all the complex life and thought and action which are going on upon the surface of the globe. There is nothing now which the press does not chronicle—from yesterday's debates in London or Paris, to the latest inquiries into the habits of earthworms, or the last photograph taken of the sun. And especially we may claim for our English press that it is surpassed by none in its earnest endeavour to understand the real condition of foreign nations as well as of our own, to draw the true lessons of example or warning from distant events, which in former times we should have been content to hear of in a very secondhand and imperfect way. But our press is alive to everything now; and when there falls on the world some such sudden shock as brings our human brotherhood home to all, then it is that we feel how intimately the press has entwined itself with our existence, till the electric wires seem the very nerves of humanity, carrying in a moment to every corner of the earth the self-same thrill of hope or pain. There is another branch of journalism which one cannot help watching, both in this country and in the United States, with much curiosity and interest. I mean the constantly extending enterprises of the 'Special Correspondent.' There is, I think, something satisfactory in the thought that the public, through the spokesmen of the press, is taking into its own hands so many works of historical and geographical discovery, or even of active benevolence; that its representatives are finding the lost, succouring the afflicted, facing perils, traversing regions unknown; sitting in conclave, perhaps, among the patriarchs of Merv, or struggling with the fevers of Zanzibar and the Congo, or with the ice of Polar seas, or scanning the desperate charges of Plevna, or carrying an impartial comfort to the wounded of two nations at Sedan. One likes to think that some spectator of our own acts is always present when history is in the making, and that in scenes of danger and frenzy, when no one else ventures to stand, except at the call of urgent duty or in the fury of the fight, there is sure to be in the thick of everything an Englishman with a note-book, whose only object is to see and know. Yes, gentlemen of the press, your career is one of constant interest, of growing power."

Multiplication of Animals.—There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate that if not destroyed the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair. Even slow-breeding man has doubled in twenty-five years, and at this rate in a few thousand years there would literally not be standing-room for his progeny. Linnæus has calculated that if an annual plant produced only two seeds—and there is no plant so unproductive as this—and their seedlings next year produced two, and so on, then in twenty years there would be 1,000,000 plants. The elephant is reckoned to be the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of natural increase. It will be under the mark to assume that it breeds when thirty years old, and goes on breeding till ninety years old, bringing forth three pair of young in this interval; if this be so, at the end of the fifth century there would be alive 15,000,000 elephants descended from the first pair.—*Darwin.*

Court Etiquette in the Time of Louis XVI.—Under the modest title of "La Maison du Roi" an institution had arisen, which grew and grew until it overshadowed the whole land. The master of the establishment was an absolute king, and his retinue a needy noblesse. The king remained one and indivisible, but his retinue perpetually increased. Every office in the "Maison du Roi"—even such as we should consider of a menial kind—was given or sold to some noble with the requisite quarterings; and, when every customary office was filled, old ones had to be multiplied or new ones invented. Louis XI had had but one barber. Louis XVI, who is known to have been shaved only on alternate days, required no less than five barbers; or rather five barbers required him. Still the *maison*, with its legion of functionaries, failed to supply places for all the candidates, and, in order to meet the increasing demands, the king had at length to give himself. His hunger supplied so many charges—his thirst so many more—his dressing and undressing were

divided into as many offices as there were articles of attire. Every hour of his day, every part of his person, and every movement of his limbs belonged to somebody. If he went into the gardens or court of the palace, one set of officers took possession of him. If he mounted his horse, he became the property of another; and when he hunted, he passed into the custody of a third. Unfortunately this multiplied vassalage, however capriciously instituted, could not be as capriciously dismissed. The king's person was a corporation of closely vested interests. The noble who enjoyed the privilege of wiping the royal toothpick, or of presenting the *douillon* when his Majesty had taken medicine, had purchased the office from some highly-placed monopolist for hard money. His rank, his position in society, the more or less advantageous marriages of his daughters, depended on its retention, and he could no more be deprived of it than the equally nobly born colonel could of his regiment. Especially did the highest born in the land compete for the honour of witnessing the king's proceedings at those times when a man is not generally supposed to be a hero, even to his *valet de chambre*. The *lever* and *coucher* of the monarch were the crowning embodiment of that *étiquette* which had become as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. More particularly was the *lever* the great event for which the sun was supposed to rise. It set in action a body as numerous and as magnificent as an opening of our Parliament or a Lord Mayor's Show. It seems incredible now that any man should have consented to lie in bed while several hundreds of persons of the first rank in the kingdom, splendidly apparelled, flocked into his bedroom in a succession of *entrées*. We fail to understand how the manly mind could enjoy the dignity of having his right slipper, when he did get up, put on by one page and his left by another—his right leg stockinged and gartered by one gentleman and his left by another—one sleeve of his *camisole* drawn off by the master of the wardrobe and the other by the first *valet de chambre*—his day-shirt wrapped in a piece of white taffetas, presented by a prince of the blood—his bed, whether he was in or out or it, bowed to by gentlemen, and even by marshals and ambassadors, and courtesied to by ladies, and even by royal princesses; and further, that all this ignoble nonsense should have been settled by royal edicts solemnly passed in council more than a hundred years before. One would think that any man in his senses would have preferred to pay the same salaries in order to dispense with such service.—*Quarterly Review.*

Merv and its Surroundings.—At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in the theatre of the University of London, Lord Aberdeen, the president, in the chair, Mr. Edmond O'Donovan gave an account of his journey to Merv, and his experience of the people of the district derived during his residence among them. Having related the circumstances which led to his leaving a Russian exploring expedition and taking refuge in Persia, Mr. O'Donovan described the route by which he reached Merv from Teheran. With regard to the term "desert," which was applied to the country through which he passed in approaching Merv, he explained that it was not a sandy waste, but alluvial land, only needing water to make it extremely fertile. It was also a common mistake to suppose that Merv was a great Central Asian city, the possession of which would make the fortune of the possessor. There was no such city as Merv at present. Merv was only a geographical expression for a certain extent of cultivated territory, populated by about half a million of Tekke Turcomans. The central point was called Kala-Kaushid-Khan. This place, near the Tadjend river, was defended by an earthen rampart, forty feet in vertical height, and sixty feet at the base, forming an immense fortress over a mile and three-quarters in length and three-quarters of a mile in breadth, constructed within the few months he was there for the population of the district to retreat within, should the Russians advance upon them. For some inexplicable reason, the mistake had been made of leaving undefended the great dam or Benti on the Tadjend, where the river was eighty yards wide and was not fordable, thus leaving exposed to an enemy the water supply upon which the inhabitants depended for the irrigation of the country. At first the people took the traveller for a yellow Russian, that being their term for the Russians, but were at last convinced that he was a black Russian, or one of the people ruling

India, of whom their ideas had been formed from the sight of stray sepoy. Hearing of our advance into Afghanistan, and supposing, notwithstanding his assurances to the contrary, that our forces, having gone to Candahar, were marching upon Herat, and would thence, by a four days' march, arrive at Merv before the Russians, they diplomatically appointed Mr. O'Donovan one of a triumvirate of Khans. Knowing that it was with the idea that they would receive support from the British, there came a moment when he felt that, Candahar being evacuated, it would be advisable for him to evacuate Merv. The case of an enemy advancing from the westward and occupying Merv with a view to attacking Herat had been much spoken of. Supposing an enemy to come from the Caspian and to strike the Tadjend river, they would there find a large supply of wood and forage. Following up the Tadjend and the Hari rivers, the advance would be direct on Herat. The only object in going to Merv would be to obtain assistance from or to reduce to neutrality or submission a people having 70,000 horsemen among them. Again, Merv and the Turcoman country generally lying between the Caspian and the Oxus had hitherto represented in the Central Asian mind all that was independent and unconquerable, and the moment that independence was brought under the control of one nation or another, the whole of Central Asia would lose heart and be on the side of the conqueror. Whether the conquest of Merv was for better or for worse, he could not forget what the Muscovite arms had within a few years done in sending back forty thousand Persian captives to their homes, and in putting a stop to the depredations of those Turcomans who had paralysed commerce in Central Asia.

Irish Land Question.—To all who are interested in the solution of the difficult problems of Irish distress we commend the perusal of a tract by W. Digby Seymour, Q.C., on "Waste Land Reclamation and Peasant Proprietorship" (Longman). Mr. Digby Seymour believes that more may be done for the relief of the poor by migration than by emigration, and that if waste lands were reclaimed and poor lands improved, a larger population could be comfortably supported. To carry out his plans the peasants, helpless alone, must be assisted by advances made by Companies if not by the State; and the establishment of a Land Bank is an important feature of the scheme. The statistics given of the improved value of lands thus dealt with, in various parts of Ireland, justify the sanguine views of the writer. There are abundant resources in the soil, if only they could be developed by capital and industry.

Hint for Bazaars.—At a recent charitable bazaar one of the stalls had a basket of very young kittens, with pretty blue bows round their necks, and on each also a clearly-written label with the words, "Do buy me, please, or I shall be drowned to-morrow!" They were all bought at good prices, although this, like other "domestic institutions," involved family separation!

Profitable Farming.—It is pleasant to read, among the frequently dismal forebodings as to British agriculture, the following letter from the Member for Warrington: "I am connected as trustee with an estate in North Lancashire. Twenty-seven years ago this property was in the possession of a nobleman too poor or too negligent to do his duty as a landowner. The land was boggy and comparatively barren, and the farm-buildings dilapidated. It then fell into the hands of a wealthy manufacturer, who immediately began to improve it. He put in main drains and dried the bog, rebuilt or repaired the farmhouses and farmsteads, put in the subsidiary drainage or found tiles for the tenant to do it, and put in order the fences. The result of the improvements and reclamations by the landlord and tenants together is that the part of the estate I refer to, consisting of 1,800 statute acres, now yields a rental of £3,500 a year, whereas when it was purchased twenty-seven years ago the rental was £1,400 a year. This has been brought about without impoverishing or distressing the tenants. On the contrary, they are prosperous and contented. Let me tell you the history of one of them. He is still young—forty years old—his farm consists of 167 acres, and is rented at £295. He has a lease of twenty-five years, and has had the farm sixteen years. When he entered upon the farm there were all kinds of those foolish

stipulations by which landlords and their agents harass and cripple the tenants. Among others was one by which the tenant was forbidden to sell hay and straw off the farm. He soon, however, began to grow more hay than his cattle could consume, and sold some of it. The agent remonstrated, and the tenant replied that if the landlord would enlarge his farmstead so that he could keep more cattle, he would undertake to sell no more hay. The landlord did so from time to time as was required, and the tenant has so increased the productiveness of the land that whereas the farm under the former tenant maintained eight head of cattle it now maintains seventy-four. For all permanent improvements by the landlord the tenant pays five per cent. interest. When the farmer took the land sixteen years ago he had £500 of his own, and he borrowed £200. Within the last three or four years he has bought two small estates out of the profits of his farm during the last sixteen years, which together have cost £12,000. He is not a scientific farmer; he is simply a clever, industrious man, farming without restriction, growing anything he wishes upon the land, and, of course, growing that which he thinks most profitable."

The Telephone.—During the recent bombardment of Alexandria the firing of the cannon was heard by means of a telephone at Malta, a thousand miles off. A telephone had been fitted to the cable, one end of which was on board the Chiltern, telegraph ship, and though words were inaudible, the roar of the cannon was distinctly heard.

Where to find Ferns.—Mr. George Francis Heath, whose name is associated with many charming books on trees and flowers, has published a little treatise with the above title (S. Low and Co.), which will be prized by all fern collectors. There are descriptions of all the species found in Great Britain and Ireland, with their known habitats, and a special chapter is devoted to the ferns round London. It contains matter which will be new even to those who possess Mr. Heath's larger works, "The Fern World" and "The Fern Paradise."

Protection of Horses from Flies.—The following recipe has been given me by a coachman, who tells me he has been in the habit of using it himself, and knows other drivers who have done the same, and always with success. Boil a quantity of the flowers and young leaves of the elder-tree for an hour or so, and then strain off the decoction into a stone bottle or other vessel, where it will keep good for years. In hot weather, when flies abound, apply this liquor to the horse's coat by means of a sponge every morning. No flies will trouble the horse all that day. The liquor dries on, but does not stain the coat. The smell it gives off no fly can stand. Whether there be anything in the recipe or not, it is at least well worth trying. Possibly in countries like Norway, during the heat of summer, where the common house-fly is the pest of man, the same preparation might be advantageously applied to the face and hands.—JOHN R. CAMPBELL, in "Land and Water."

Public School Medical Inspectors.—The French Government recently appointed a commission of scientific and medical men to examine and report on matters bearing on public health in the educational establishments under State control. This was intended not only for the hygienic condition of the schools and the scholars, but with a view to the benefit of the public service. It has been found that health in after life depends much on the treatment of the young during their school years. Not only does this apply to the general health and physical strength, but there are also special risks incurred through mismanagement of early studies. There has been, for instance, great increase of defective sight since education has become more systematic and general. The Government has appointed a distinguished physician, Dr. Boucheron, to be Oculist and Aurist to the Lyceums (middle-class schools) of Paris. Myopia, or short sight, is notably frequent, and the number of officials wearing spectacles, or youths presenting themselves for competitive examination with eye-glasses, is wonderfully increased of late years. The inspector will see that no removable cause for such maladies is allowed in schools. It might be well if our public schools, whether national or denominational, enjoyed the benefit of similar scientific and medical supervision, both as regards school hours and play hours.

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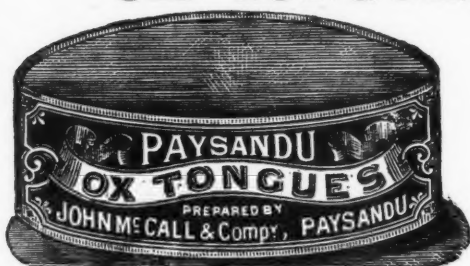
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